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PUNCH

Vol. CCXXXVI No. 6185

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The London Charivari

MR. MACMILLAN in a cap, as widely photographed last week, is a new concept. This really is meeting the people. Churchill, in all his younger glories, was not arrayed in one of these. Nor was any politician I can recall off-hand, except Keir Hardie. I saw it as a rehearsal for Russia, a reconnaissance into the fur hat country. For although it was not a deerstalker it was a move in that direction, half suggesting a flavour of the great detective setting out to solve the Russian riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma. Certainly it was far too dashing a cap to go with in hand; it was rather the type to put a feather in or be armed a-pie with.

Lone Ranger

A.B.C. Television, jubilant over capturing Churchill's "History of the English-Speaking Peoples" for British screens, are nevertheless steeling themselves for

clutching eagerly at flakes of intelligence. For weeks there has been little hard news for the dailies to get their teeth into, and Mr. Macmillan's reconnaissance has come as a boon and a blessing.

There Already?

NEWS-SHEETS to be published regularly by British Railways and distributed in



the Southern Region will do their best to explain to the passenger why his train is late. Failing that, they must try to provide such absorbing reading that he doesn't notice that it is.

Brighter Football?

A SHIP which blew up in the Persian Gulf last February was carrying two crates of toe-puff, a material liable to spontaneous combustion, used in the manufacture of boots and shoes. There is something awe-inspiring in the notion that one may be awakened in the small hours by a series of muffled bangs from the direction of the boot-cupboard, but I am informed that such manifestations are unlikely, to say the least. Toe-puff consists of a fabric base impregnated with nitro-cellulose. Received by the shoe manufacturer as a stiff, grey-blue material, it is softened by being dipped in a solution and placed between the outer skin and the lining of the toe-cap. It then stiffens, rendering the toe-cap firm but not uncomfortably

the inevitable complaints about the flood of semi-American adventure serial stuff.

Winter Migrants

FLEET STREET seems strangely quiet. The advance on Moscow, led by Randolph, seems to have emptied the pubs and car parks and stilled the news-rooms—though of course the smog may be partly to blame. In Moscow the journalists, with snow on their boots, stand ten-deep round the Kremlin,





"Apart from Bulganin, Molotov, Shepilov and so on, what have you given up for Lent?"

hard. Footnote: somebody once noted that the toe-caps of people struck by lightning are often found to have exploded.

Nanny

FROM her initial, world-shaking interference in the washing-up arrangements at London Airport, the crusading Lady Lewisham has moved from strength to strength, behaving like a great big scolding mother to us all (albeit with a heart of gold), until her latest triumph, when she stepped in to alter the cast of a West End try-out during the last stages of rehearsal. How grateful we should be that Lady Lewisham is in our midst. She is living proof that a petulant letter to a newspaper, signed "Disgusted," is but a small thing by comparison with a pretty face, a title, and a knack of dropping headlines at a press conference.

No Connection

ANY supposed similarity of function between the police and the newly-proposed traffic wardens vanished with the official statement that the wardens "would help motorists to find parking space."

Live Theatre

CRITICAL first-nighters in Rome last week dropped white mice on to the stage by parachute. True, the drop was supported by covering fire of old-fashioned tomatoes and eggs, but the spearhead was new. Will this catch on in the West End? If the theatre is in a rut, London audiences are partly to

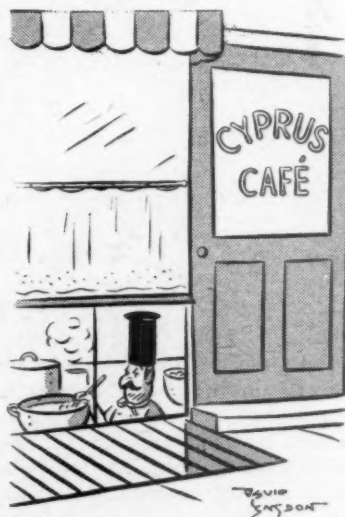
blame; they have become so namby-pamby lately that even the mildest "boo" gets all the notices next morning. Let our galleries arm themselves with some novel and amusing missiles and not hesitate to let fly; and let the cast throw them back: many a promising dramatic experience has been ruined by the artists' reluctance to join in—and this is another point in favour of mice: even the most hardened leading lady can scarcely pretend that they haven't arrived. Unfortunately there is unlikely to be any barrage of actual livestock in this country. The R.S.P.C.A. is ever on the alert.

No Jealousy

LAST week's list of influenza celebrities, rising from Ministers of the Crown through Lord Justices of Appeal to television personalities, at least stopped the healthy man in the street from asking, for once, what they'd got that he hadn't.

That Beer Belong Me

THE chief welfare officer of the Australian Native Affairs Department has said that the Aborigines should be "educated" in drinking liquor. An Aborigine cannot be said to have been properly educated in drinking until he knows the difference between a Chateau Mouton d'Armailhacq and that dubious red stuff from the grocer on the corner. He must be able to order a pint of bitter at cocktail time without calling attention to himself. He must learn not to eat crisps without removing his woolly gloves. He must get in a



stock of funny stories for those awkward pauses that occur when nobody in the pub has anything further to say about cricket. Above all, he must avoid picking up that Australian habit of keeping a few casual drinks as a desperate race against the clock. In fact by the time he's finished his first lesson he'll wish he was back with the boys at the local corroboree, swigging meths without a care in the world and thumping people over the head with his boomerang like a sensible person.

Munich Had Charms . . .

ONE thing about Mr. Macmillan's trip, if he returns to face London Airport photographers with a scrap of paper in his hand it's not likely to be anything but an announcement of the General Election date.

Read All Through

THE Ministry of Supply has issued a wonderfully lavish booklet boosting scientific careers in the Ministry, which it is intended to give to all honours graduates in science when they leave their universities. The layout and typography (in two colours), the photographs and the decorations by André François, are so luxurious that no graduate could avoid the feeling that an outfit that does things on this scale is definitely the place for him. But the Ministry, with truly ministerial cunning, saves its best shot for the end. Tucked into a pocket inside the back cover is a duplicated sheet headed "Conditions of Service. (1) Pay"; and gummed to this is a little sticker printed in red, bearing the words "PAY INCREASE," heavily underlined, and the information that salaries up to £2,050 have been increased by 3½ per cent since the pamphlet was printed.

Then There Were Eleven

IN Australia our Test team, by common consent, was outmanœuvred, outmanaged, outcaptained and outplayed. Now May's men go on to New Zealand and there seems to be a real chance that they may be outnumbered.

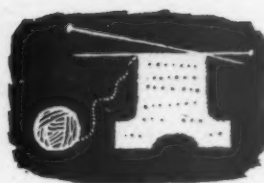
— MR. PUNCH

MOTOR IF YOU MUST: a new series by J. B. Boothroyd starts on March 11.



"Hello, what's this?"

CRADLE TO UNIVERSITY



2 Do-it-Yourself Motherhood

By MARY ADAMS

THE first thing to do if you're thinking of having a baby is to buy a do-it-yourself book. Of course, reading isn't necessary nowadays: you can see it on television. But a book is convenient and doesn't have to be left lying around like a TV set. The following notes are extracted for the benefit of prospective do-it-yourself mothers.

Mobilization

Before embarking on the job you are advised to assemble in good working order all the things you are likely to need. Although the equipment enumerated is not elaborate, I found it essential to mobilize the following things:

Supply of unpolished rice (for basic diet).

Tins of chocolate-covered ants (for unnatural cravings).

Square of flannel (for growing vitamin C, from mustard and cress).

Home scales (for weighing food and self; pre-tested by the editor of *Which?*)

Pre-sharpened pencils, indiarubber, squared paper for recordings, analyses, estimations, appraisals, explanations, library lists, etc.).

Slide rule (for calculating maternity benefits, converting fluid ounces, etc.).

Brewer's Phrase and Fable (for old wives' tales).

Geiger counter (for war, peace, science, Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, etc.).

Lady-in-Waiting sacs (for necessity).

Books (for supplementing verbal information).

Communication

Before making any announcement or taking any rash steps it is useful to seek confirmation of pregnancy diagnosis from the toad *Xenopus laevis* (64 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1, SLOane 0451). *Xenopus* can be seen personally, but women of a nervous disposition are advised to use a medical intermediary. A rival toad, *Bufo bufo*, provides an alternative but less established service.

After the oracle has spoken affirmatively, communication with the National Insurance authorities must be considered. This action is necessary since you must have fifty-two contributions in the fifty-two weeks prior to the thirteenth week before the expected date of confinement. Moreover, you must claim benefits not more than the fourteenth week and not less than the eleventh week before the expected date (of birth). But do be accurate. Failure correctly to announce the fact to the authorities may result in loss of revenue. Note particularly that you must *not* work if you wish to receive the two pounds ten a week (eleven weeks prior and six weeks after).

There is no obligation to inform your other friends until the announcement in *The Times* (remembering, naturally, that only Top People will hear your news this way).

Father can be informed at any appropriate time.

Inquiries from children should never be fobbed off. Social realism is the approved policy, and the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth should at least be tried. Botany is currently out of fashion. In case of panic, remember that the five-year-old loses interest after five seconds, and does not ask again until the eleven-plus. Have an answer ready for the child who tries blackmail by remarking that when he was inside you, you let him stay up late every night.

Foundation

Try to be thoroughly conversant with your own anatomy, physiology, embryology, bio-chemistry and sexology. Anthropology may be useful, and it is chic to add the palaeontological record. Knowledge is the only sure foundation.



"Just learning to relax, dear, or trying to tell me something?"

"Man is but a foetal ape" is a good opening for a conversation with your doctor, and you will find it useful to be able to remind him, when discussing theories of placentation, that "classification based on placentation would put sloths among man's nearest relatives," a conclusion which you will both agree is absurd.

It stands to reason, too, that you will not understand the slip of paper from Xenopus unless you have at least a nodding acquaintance with the chemical signalling of chlorionic gonadotropins. You will also feel better when you compare your fate with that of an elephant, which is gestating for two years.

Moreover, when D-day is obviously approaching rapidly, you can recall with detached interest that a Reith lecturer, J. Z. Young, states categorically that it is still not clear exactly what stimulus initiates parturition. There is some inhibitory factor at work. At that moment you may not care particularly whether in fact progesterone, secreted by the corpus luteum, may provide the necessary inhibition, but you must tolerate the mystery.

Young's *Life of Mammals*, by the way, is the most generally useful book in this category: it weighs about seven and a quarter pounds.

Assimilation

Most dieticians and W.H.O. think diet matters, and have devised interesting menus containing easily assimilable nutrients. The Welfare State will supply some of these, or at any rate offer them to you at cut rates. They are known as protective foodstuffs, and are often needed by the husband as well as the wife. In any case it is the husband not the wife who needs to eat for two.

The following foodstuffs should find a daily place on your table: milk, unpolished rice, lentils, egg yolk, turnip tops, white fish, offal (various), all in substantial servings. Iron, nicotinic acid and water are obligatory. By the same token these foods should not be eaten, at any rate in any quantity: doughnuts, cream puffs, gravy, elevenses, baker's kisses, chocolate rum soufflé, scheidlschnitten, afters. Thus your diet will be balanced, and your child's welfare secured.

This advice only applies to women in the West. In Asia diet is sometimes

known as malnutrition, and is one of the ways of controlling population.

Motivation

Science can't produce your baby for you yet. Pregnancy is a natural process. When Virginia Woolf remarked in *A Room of One's Own* "it is fatal for a woman to lay the least stress on any grievance" she was making an understatement. So work with nature, not against her. This policy is known as Psychoprophylaxis or Motivational Psychology. It has something to do with Pavlov, a Soviet scientist, but more to do with an English doctor whose name is a household word in Africa.

The theory of natural—sometimes called painless—childbirth is deeply convincing to those who think about it. And magnificent to those who have witnessed it, either on film or *en clair*. Mind you, natural childbirth is not just going off into the jungle and coming back with a baby slung over your back. Natural childbirth requires effort and training. An effort of the imagination first to penetrate the Thought Barrier and then training to achieve the Promised Land.

The key is an understanding of the F.T.P. syndrome, fear causes tension and tension causes pain. Pain is certainly displeasing, although no physiologist has been able to transfix it with a pin and say, without doubt, what the hell it is. Nor, on this subject, can any layman hope to tell the truth, except to say that pain is not ennobling. But to avoid pain you must not fear it, because then you become tense, and back you are in the arms of pain. A vicious circle.

The best way to understand the Thought Barrier (which has nothing specifically to do with natural childbirth but applies to all revolutionary ideas) is to read the appropriate chapter in Stephen King-Hall's *Defence in the Nuclear Age*. If you can understand that you can understand all.

Preparation

To become untense you must relax. And this is where preparation and training come in. Relaxing isn't sitting in a deck-chair or looking at television. Learning to relax is hard work. You begin with the toes, lying on the floor, preferably on a cushion, and concentrating hard on relaxing. From the toes



you go on to ankles, calves, knees, thighs, hips . . . It's not difficult until you get to the jaw. But just wait till you try relaxing the jaw. The habit of ages has to be undone. The relaxed face, when you come to it, is vacant and is not one you would care to wear at a cocktail party. But do not be put off by this: you need not go to cocktail parties.

Do not allow yourself to be interrupted during relaxation: you are not obliged to answer the telephone nor open the door. Let the bells ring. You can train yourself not to hear them. In any case, you may already be asleep under the influence of relaxation.

Breathing is a pre-requisite of relaxation. Not the breathing you have previously been acquainted with and taken for granted but knowledgeable, numbered breathing: costal, sternal, abdominal, rhythmical, rapid, slow . . . It will come in handy on D-day.

Exercising, too, is part of the game: arching the spine, rocking the pelvis, flexing the joints, tightening the buttocks . . . contracting and relaxing. But gently, gently. Hanging oil paintings, carrying heavy suitcases, and bashing balls about must somehow or other be postponed. All the recommended movements can be undertaken at home or in the garden; you don't require a golf-course or a dance floor.

Graceful posture is important. Take a leaf out of Ingrid Bergman's book. After all, she has had four children. The correct procedure is to draw a line from the ear to a point just in front of the heel on the sole of the foot, passing over the centre of the shoulder and the hip joint. The line should be straight. Candidates are allowed help over this drawing.

In conclusion, having attained the true art of relaxation and repose you

have done more than he who has taken cities and empires (Montaigne).

Co-operation

The Trobriand Islanders, according to Professor Bronislaw Malinowski, do not recognize the physiological role of the father. We, on the other hand, fail to recognize his psychological role, thus endangering the family unit.

This role, once thought to be minimal, is at present being maximized. The father's functions now go beyond calling the doctor. He may diet with you, exercise with you, relax with you. He may be invited into the labour ward and remain at the obstetric bedside. Of course, he may not wish to avail himself of this privilege, and you must be guided by his preferences and your own estimate of his level-headedness and self-control. He must not become an embarrassment. But do not let old-fashioned hospital routines separate him from you if he wishes to assert his rights. Domiciliary midwifery is easier for both of you.

The Americans are better at the father's role than we are over here. Whole books rather than chapters are

devoted to the subject. In the New World the husband ignorant of the facts of life goes to lectures and is shown diagrams and demonstrations. He is given the telephone number of the Stork Patrol taxi-cab service, and provided with a pocket directory of signs which enable him to be of great assistance to the doctor. For example, tidying the sewing basket or winning at ping-pong indicates the proximity of labour. If the details of labour are described to him with detachment, and he is fully instructed in the part he can play, he won't feel so bad. Keep him active and see that he tags on close behind you through the Thought Barrier.

Realization

This happy event takes place by day or in the night. Generally the latter, since it is more inconvenient. Come stork, gooseberry bush or doctor's bag, it's all the same now. Books cannot be taken into the examination hall. This is the real test at last. Action. Remember, hard work is not pain. Your training comes into its own now. Breathe, but at the correct level. Relax, but at the right moment. Concentrate. Count. Time must not stand still. There's nothing to be frightened of—it's only a baby . . . Is science at hand with benefit of drugs? It wouldn't be disgraceful to have a whiff. After all, you're not in darkest Africa . . . If it's a boy, I won't send him to a public school, in spite of Mr. Gaitskell. . . . If it's a girl . . . ah, she is coming, my dove, my dear . . . This is quite an experience . . . only shared by forty-seven million other women this year. Quite a unique experience, too . . . I mean the combination of genes. Something like 1 in 2^{1000} . . . This must be Radiant Motherhood. . . . I'm glad I didn't miss it by being asleep. . . . Did I hear someone say the only hope for mankind lies in the cradle? Then I put him/her there . . . I did it myself . . .

[With the help of Doctor Grantly Dick-Read and Professor W. C. W. Nixon. Special effects by Sir Stephen King-Hall and Sir Frederic Truby King. Additional material by Dr. Marie Stopes.]

Next Week:

SIRIOL HUGH-JONES on
"I'm a Rabbit—See?"



"What I can't stand is his 'I shall be there sooner than thou' attitude."

Man in Apron by Larry



thousand words about Whither the Drama?

CELEBRITIES

Acquire the current list from a good agency; their views may be needed at any time on matters of vital public interest. If you want something authoritative on the Right Age to Marry and haven't got Lady Docker's 'phone number, where are you?

CHEESECAKE

Circulation problems are the governing factor. If you have to turn your *Picturenews* over from archaeological finds in newly-sunk sewers to fillies in fish-net stockings everyone will understand.

CIRCULATION

See above, below, and in fact all over these hints.

COMPETITIONS

I don't know what your capital is, but put aside not less than 75 per cent of it under this head. Don't be trapped into the £3 3s. or book-token market. Remember that the old idea about readers buying a paper to read it is an exploded myth. What they want is the chance of a month in Marrakesh every year until they die (or you do) with a private airliner and crew thrown in and £20,000 in cash. The competition itself is unimportant; arranging the letters of the alphabet in the correct order is as good as anything, and might even draw a small subsidy from the Arts Council, at that.

COMPETITORS, YOUR

Watch them. They may be on to

Letter to Mr. Martell

Some advice from an old Fleet Street hand

DEAR SIR,—It is reported that you are to launch a new daily newspaper. This is only a newspaper report, of course, but if it happens to be true, and your editorial policy is not yet firm, I venture to accompany my good wishes with a few tips.

AMERICA

A big subject. What you need is a column every day, presenting the American Way of Life as readers know and love it, with items about couples

getting married in diving-bells, coloured men running berserk with axes, and Congress voting something or other \$1,500,000,000,000. Bing Crosby's grandchildren are always worth an inch.

THE ARTS

Keep up your sleeve until big money changes hands. When Sotheby's cash-register really rings you have a story that knocks the Tate for six (but see COMPETITORS). Keep all critics pithy and quotable. "A Thoroughly Unsavoury Play"—*Daily Sheet*, is worth any

something good. Everyone featuring John Bratby but you makes you a fuddy-duddy out of touch with culture. The cry of "Who's this Shelagh Delaney?" may ring through your office, but only once.

CORRESPONDENCE

It is simply a matter of provoking the reader. *The Times* may be able to print a long series of letters on the incidence of dogs in stained glass windows—not you; the same goes for columns long and strong established, especially with a "Your Questions Answered" overtone. When a *Mirror* reader asks if he owns the oldest muffin in existence, that's fine. But *you* should go for needling people about, say, the British sense of humour or artificial insemination—always provided that letters include a tribute to the quality of the paper. Correspondence columns are cheap, and can fill space that could cost you 200 guineas if Wilfred Pickles were filling it.

CRIME

Best retrospective. Edgar Lustgarten's twenty-eighth serial rights on the two hundredth re-examination of the Brides in the Bath is just the job. Gaol exposés by Those Who Know come a good second.

FEATURES

Get a Doctor signed up, quick. Otherwise stick to basic things. "Man, the Great Lover," should go well (by

A Woman). Avoid light writing. Again, it is all right for *The Times* to have a shortish square piece called, "LAUGHTER IN SUNDAY SCHOOL. Young Billy Often Made the Teacher Smile Behind Her Hand During Long Summer Afternoons in the Corrugated Iron Hut Next the Little Mission Church." This is not for you. A page of cartoons from obscure American papers with titles like *Squeeze* is as far as you need go in this field.

GOSSIP

Essential. But limit its content to people your readers would not otherwise meet; they should be, ideally, titled, yacht-owning and rumoured to be marrying for the fifth time. If none of these is around that day, royalty or Richard Dimbleby will serve as a useful stop-gap.

LEADERS

Get hold of an educated man to write these. Leading articles should be written in such a way as to make readers go back repeatedly to find what they are about. Specimen phrase: "It is not without a lack of disinterest that . . ." An occasional sub-head, "SACK THE LOT," will sharpen the focus as required.

MOON, THE

(Sometimes referred to as Science.) Frankly, I can't help you. But some policy on this must be hacked out fairly early.

NEWS

There is no harm in this, as long as it is well personalized. It should report the experiences of your reporters. "Mrs. Cowmer (43) was surprised when I told her that her family had been eaten by elephants. She had heard nothing about it . . . I was wearing my second-best trousers when I called at the tiny cottage nestling in . . ."

PHOTOGRAPHS

The guiding principle is close collaboration between cameraman and caption-writer. They should hunt together. An action shot of the Prime Minister blinking is nothing without the caption, "Something In His Eye? Mr. Macmillan in difficulties at the Chelsea Arts Ball." The best plan is for the caption man to know what he has in mind, and to instruct the cameraman

to get a picture illustrating it. Remember that a recent News Photograph of the Year award went to a man who caught Townsend trying to leave his flat by the back door without the press knowing. On this, by the way, there is a "Paper With Two Front Pages" already. Unless you can give yours four or more, pack the idea in and think of a stunt of your own.

POLITICS

You have stated certain principles, I believe. That is up to you. Within that framework all you need really concentrate on is Blunders, Muddles and Probes.

PRINT AND PRESENTATION

You are confident that what you say is worth reading, I take it? THEN MAKE SURE THAT IT CAN BE READ. **We are no longer living in the days of Caxton.** And there is another thing.

Paragraphing.

Entice the reader's eye.

Into the page.

He will thank you for it in the end.

You hope.

SPORT

Keep an angry man around to write about the state of this. Otherwise it's just a matter of pools coverage.

TELEVISION

As in sport, a policy of unrelieved condemnation works as well as anything and does wonders for the Correspondence. It is an understood thing that a momentary reversal of the prevailing theme must occur if one of your own men appears on, say, *Press Conference*. Report him in full, with his portrait and Sir Arthur fford's.

WEATHER

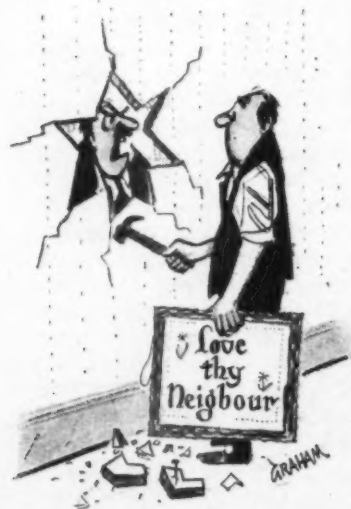
The fullest coverage is recommended, on precisely the opposite principle from that governing Gossip. Readers in this section find nothing more fascinating than reading about what they know already from personal experience.

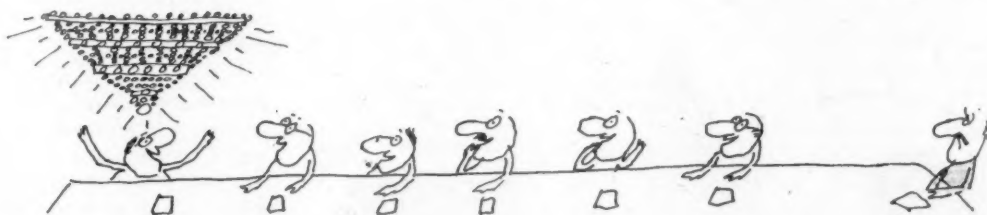
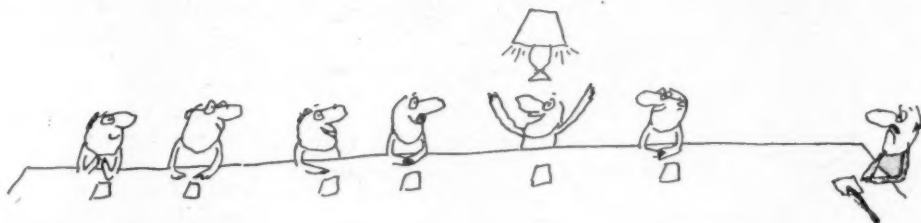
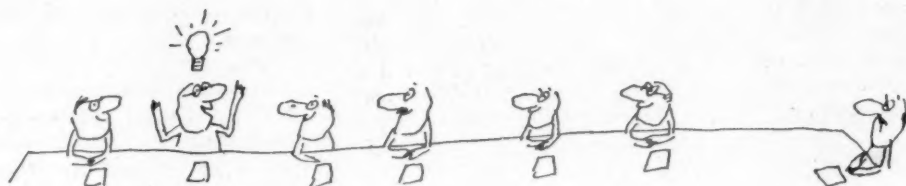
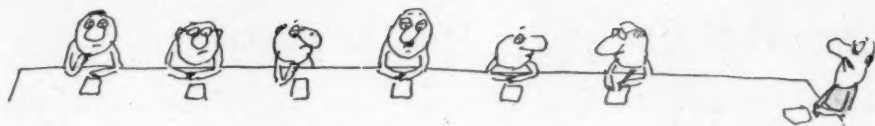
In conclusion, sir, stand up like a man for the freedom of the press. Be convinced that your paper is the finest, fairest, most uncorruptible paper in the world.

Like everybody else's.

Yours, etc.,

J. B. BOOTHROYD





Blechman

A Code for the B.B.C.

By H. F. ELLIS

GRANADA's six-point Code of Conduct for TV quiz programmes should do much to purify our national life. The British people have always been rightly proud of their reputation for honesty and fair dealing at all forms of competitive indoor games, and it is imperative at the present time, when the moral leadership of the world seems to be within our grasp, that that reputation should be not merely sustained but soundly based. The slightest laxity on the part of the television authorities, with all their tremendous power for good or ill, can do untold harm. What TV does to-day, it has been truly said, the family will do

to-morrow. Already signs have not been wanting that the rumours of irregularities in Granada's "Twenty One" quiz have led to some lowering of standards in private life. There has been a marked rise in the number of children sitting down at Musical Chairs before the music stops. A hostess at a Progressive Games party in the north is said to have deliberately encouraged a twelve-year-old girl to add ten to the actual number of grains of rice she had managed to scoop into a bowl with chopsticks. A case has occurred, within the writer's own knowledge, where an outwardly respectable parent (and a professing Christian) *knew beforehand* no

fewer than two syllables of the three-syllabled word about to be acted by her children in Charades—hitherto one of the cleanest games in the calendar.

The writing was on the wall, and it is greatly to Granada's credit that they have acted with courage and promptness, before too many people had the chance to read what was written there. But unilateral action by a single Network is not enough. "Twenty One" is not the only competitive programme, and it cannot be too strongly emphasized that *every* TV programme into which an element of jolly round-the-fireside competition enters must be above suspicion. It so happens that considerable sums of money were at stake in the programme upon which Sir Lionel Heald, Q.C., bent his keen interrogative intellect, but to a nation in which fair play means more than riches the point is irrelevant. Marks are as sacrosanct as money, and so are certificates. What, then, of "Ask Me Another"? Is the country's conscience at ease about the conduct of "Animal, Vegetable, Mineral"? Has the award of certificates in "What's My Line?" been in every case justified? The B.B.C. can ill afford to lag behind commercial television in the standard of purity it requires from its panels and their chairmen.

I do not myself think that any good purpose would be served at this time by an official inquiry into the running of any of these programmes, nor even into the scandalously miscondacted "Round Britain Quiz" on sound radio, in which hints are openly given to competing teams by the unscrupulous Lionel Hale and his confederate Gilbert Harding. A few unsavoury details might come to light, and the grilling of Eamonn Andrews by some eminent Q.C. on the precise mechanism of that cube he rotates would make sensational reading, but valuable time would be wasted in proving irregularities that are, alas! in the main all too self-evident. What is wanted is the immediate issue by the B.B.C. of a Code of Conduct for all competitive programmes, not less stringent than that just promulgated by Granada.

I do not propose to attempt an exhaustive list of the rules that such a code should contain. That is a task for



"Make up your mind, woman—do you want Norman, Gothic or Modern?"



"Here! Do you want to catch your death of cold?"

an independent committee of genuine amateurs who have risen to the top in nursery games, presided over by a player of international status and with power to co-opt accepted masters of general knowledge, and one or two teachers with a lifelong experience of marking answers. The points listed below are intended to be no more than a useful, indeed an indispensable, foundation upon which the committee may build.

DRAFT OF A CODE OF CONDUCT (B.B.C.)

Quizzes

1. All questions must be of equal difficulty, and should be publicly certified as such by a permanent board of ex-11-plus examiners.

2. Jocularly is out of place in a serious contest between adults where marks are at stake, and tends to undermine the authority of the Quiz-Master. (For the attention of Professor Denis Brogan and Mr. Edward Moulton.)

3. Quiz-Masters guilty of hinting must be given their cards immediately.

What's My Line?

4. The capricious award of two "NO"s by the Chairman in answer to

a carelessly phrased question from the panel is highly irregular and is calculated to lessen, if that be possible, the value of a Certificate. Great care must also be taken not to mislead the panel. (A shocking instance of deception occurred recently, when a Royal Marine frogman was permitted to answer "Yes" to the question whether he worked indoors. The explanation that some of his work was indoors simply will not do. The maintenance of a high standard of probity in guessing-games throughout the English-speaking world depends upon absolute integrity at the summit.)

5. Attempts by members of the panel to be winning, or even roguish, and thus enlist the sympathy of susceptible contestants are manifestly illegal, apart from their other drawbacks. (Mr. Cyril Fletcher to note, please.)

6. Where masks are worn, their adjustment should be checked by some independent body.

Animal, Vegetable, Mineral

7. The ruling of the Chair as to the dating or provenance of an object must in no circumstances be challenged by any member of the panel, however knowledgeable or self-assured. (Sir Mortimer Wheeler not to take offence, please.)

8. Discussions between the chairman and the panel as to how many marks

they deserve for a partial identification are extremely objectionable and can only tend to bring the whole question of awarding marks to eminent archaeologists into disrepute.

General

9. Owing to the risk of corruption, children under twelve are not permitted to take part in panel games or quizzes.

In order to reinforce the lessons of the Code I am at present working on a new game for the B.B.C. to be called "Caesar's Wife." Bonus marks will be awarded for being above suspicion.



"For it is only six short years ago that this 34-year-old Londoner's standing in his profession was such that he had to borrow £5 from his theatrical friends to get married.

SUCCESS

When I met him last night he was enjoying certain of the fruits of success. Robed in a splendid new dressing-gown ('after 26 years in the business the old one was beginning to look a bit dowdy')...

Evening Standard

Short, too.

Unconventional Warfare in the East

By B. A. YOUNG

Some speculations about the risings in Tibet

NOW that we can buy *The Third Eye* in a paper-backed edition we can all reckon ourselves pretty well-informed about Tibet; but one thing we would never have deduced from T. Lobsang Rampa's readable, exotic and provocative (I quote from the cover) account of that bland and spiritual nation is that in conflict with the troops of Communist China the Tibetans would win all along the line.

Yet in a recent exciting dispatch in the *Daily Telegraph* I read that in a battle south of Lhasa a thousand

Chinese, including General Fan Hsi-ling, were killed for the loss of a hundred Tibetans; that seven hundred armed Tibetans defeated the Chinese garrison at Gongbo; and that a battle in Kham resulted in Chinese casualties three to five times as heavy as the Tibetan.

This does not square up at all with our picture of the simple Tibetan peasant sipping his tea-and-rancid-butter as he herds his yaks, or busily revolving his prayer-wheel to the refrain of *Om mani padme hum!* It is not even as if we could assume that

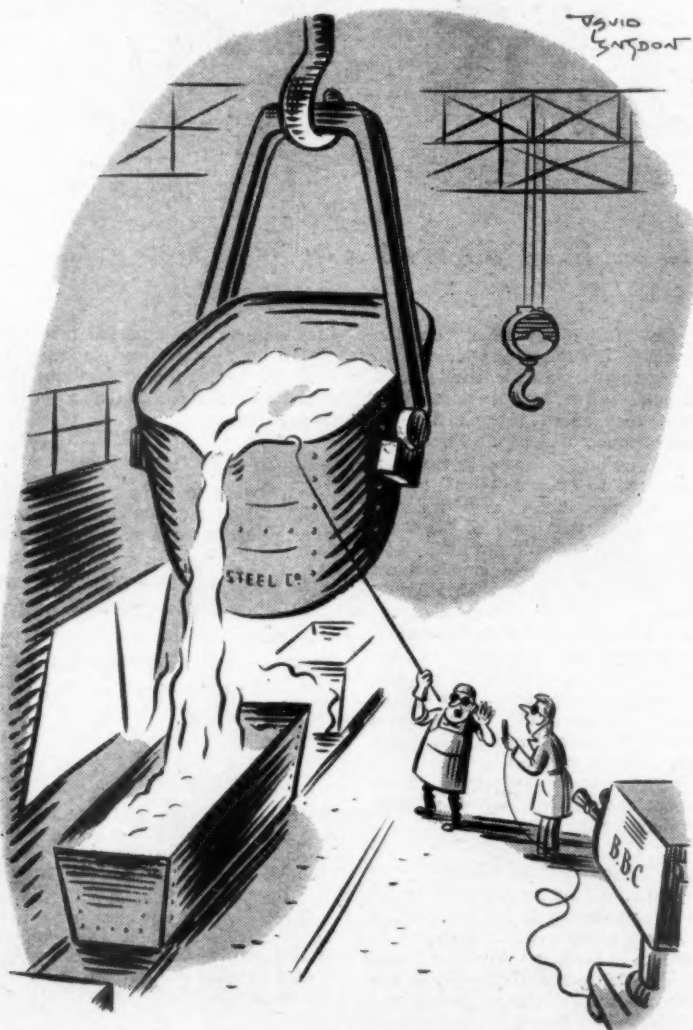
a German, or perhaps an American, military mission had been secretly training the Tibetans in arms.

The fact is that the Tibetans, as the Chinese would have known if they had spent more time in the public library before they invaded the place, have qualities, over and above their native courage and endurance, that make them a tough people to tangle with.

Take this little matter of the third eye, to begin with. Lamas whose third eye has been opened can deduce things from the colours of the auras of those with whom they come in contact. T. Lobsang Rampa was once concealed behind a screen while the Dalai Lama had a conference with a Chinese military mission, and was able to tell him afterwards, from analysis of their auras, just what they were up to, and I may say it was pretty dirty. You could hardly want a more useful man than that on a reconnaissance patrol.

However, you would not really need a reconnaissance patrol; the Tibetans, says Lobsang, "travel much by astral projection." By astral projection you can go wherever you like as fast as you like; and it is a trick that can be picked up by almost anyone, though Lobsang recommends that it should be avoided by those with weak hearts. It is hardly surprising that even a crack Chinese corps like General Fan's should have been so crushingly beaten when you consider that every staff conference he held was probably attended by the astral projections of a Tibetan staff lama or two.

It is one thing to know what the Chinese plans are, and another to dispose your limited forces in the difficult mountain country in such a way as to forestall them. Here again the Tibetans should score, since levitation, one of the most useful attributes you could ask for in a soldier, is another trick they have mastered. It "takes much practice," says Lobsang, and "there is no real point in engaging in levitation as . . . astral travelling is easier and surer." This, of course, was written before the Chinese invasion. To-day matters are rather different; but if the Tibetans have succeeded in training only a single regiment in



"Am I in favour of what being whicked?"

levitation they have found a very real point in it indeed.

There are other ingenious devices known in Tibet which must be equally daunting to an invader. Some adepts, for example, can without difficulty pass through a foot-square hole in a stone wall. Normally this is only done as part of a young lama's training, but it is obviously a skill that every soldier should acquire. Then again, there are Tibetans who can move a material object by thought "carefully directed and partly condensed." Learning this ability unfortunately involves sitting in a cell with stone walls six feet thick for three years, three months and three days, so the supply of practitioners for military purposes cannot be large, nor capable of rapid expansion. Still, an adept or two strategically sited could obviously bring considerable influence to bear on the course of a battle.

In Tibet the inhabitants are on friendly terms with poltergeists, or "small gods" as they call them. Fitzgerald, in *The Tower of Five Glories*, tells a story that takes on an especial significance to-day. A Chinese colonel went into a haunted house belonging to the Lai family of Likiang; he took the precaution of wearing two pistols and a military escort. "I am not afraid of you, you rogues!" he called out to the poltergeists. At once a round stone the size of a fist appeared and hit him on the head, necessitating hospital treatment.

There is no hint in the *Daily Telegraph* dispatch that any of these unconventional methods are being employed; but to a Tibetan they might hardly seem worth mentioning. There is, as a matter of fact, one slightly mysterious circumstance: the Tibetan forces are reported to have been supplied by parachute from aircraft painted in the Chinese colours but flying from the direction of Bhutan. No one knows who these aircraft belong to.

My theory is that they are indeed genuine Chinese aircraft whose pilots are being influenced by thought carefully directed and partly condensed to drop their stores on the wrong side. They are flying from the direction of Bhutan because if they flew from the direction of China someone else's thought, equally carefully directed and perhaps slightly more condensed, would be used to bring them down in flames.



"Since when have these new-fangled black woollen stockings been allowed in place of the uniform nylons?"

From a Soviet Child's Garden of Verses

I HAD a little shadow who went in and out with me,
And what could be the use of him was hard for me to see
Till they took me from my Bureau looking out across Red Square;
And when I reached Siberia my shadow wasn't there.

* * * * *

When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great
And print confessions from a crowd
Of others who were great and proud.

* * * * *

I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow—
A fruit I cannot (although tortured)
Produce in my Collective Orchard.

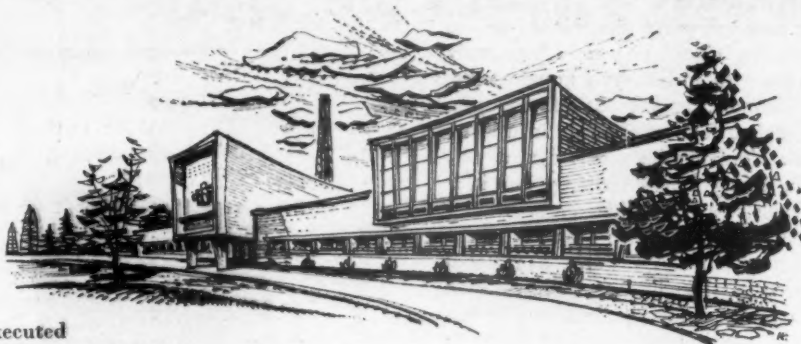
* * * * *

Our world is so full of a number of things
That it's very exciting when somebody sings.

— PAUL DEHN

A busy scene 'Mid pastures green

Artist's impression of the new BRAITHWAITE BUBBLE-GUM factory, nearing completion, in the heart of Shakespeare-land, near Henley-in-Arden, where contented lads and lasses, as members of the staff are addressed by the Managing Director, will find satisfaction in craftsmanship executed with expertise in a sylvan setting of unsurpassed beauty.



The Man who Held his Dream

By ROLAND PORTARLINGTON



"He's
Never
Bored
Now!"

Mrs. Josiah Hardmorland, 793 Borough Council Drive, Starkley-in-Downton, writes (letter can be seen on application and payment of modest search fee, as testimonials fill many vaults): "Our Jack just seemed to droop all over the house, wouldn't watch the telly, look at comics, or throw stones at the other little boys. He seemed sort of neutral. Then his Aunt Aggie sent him a packet of BRAITHWAITES' BUBBLE-GUM for Christmas. I bless the day. Now he sits like one possessed, hour after hour, looking up and laughing at the bubbles. It reminds me of 'Two Eyes of Blue Come Smilin' Through.' He's never bored now! He's the happiest little lad in Borough Council Drive and I'm not kidding."

WITH Archimedes it was the bath-water, with Newton the apple, with Watt the kettle. Fourth in the cavalcade of discovery, Hubert Braithwaite, found inspiration in a song. On a January evening in Hampshire in 1946 young Braithwaite, with five years in the Army Pay Corps behind him, faced Civvy Street on the morrow. This last night in the Army was spent in convivial harmony at Aldershot demob. centre. A pianist who could vamp anything from *Ombra mai fu* to *Lollipop* had started the boys singing rousing choruses, this war's songs, last war's, comic, sentimental. Suddenly he got them going on *I'm For Ever Blowing Bubbles*. Braithwaite listened entranced. Pretty bubbles in the air. A winsome thought after all the insensate carnage. There would be room for the beautiful things in life now that the reeking inferno of pay-book discrepancies was over. They fly

so high, nearly reach the sky. A vision beckoned him of a benison for hate-scarred humanity. There would be no more barrage balloons, Messerschmits, doodle-bugs, but there would be bubbles, ethereal symbols of light and grace breathing a message of hope for a war-weary world. Couldn't he (Braithwaite) help? Couldn't he, the lowly-born Lancashire laddie with two school prizes in chemistry behind him and no planned career in front, show the cynics that the earthbound era was finished? Couldn't he point the way to the stars—with bubbles; bubbles, moreover, released from gum that would soothe as well as inspire?

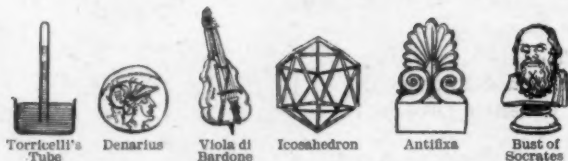
Austere Life

Braithwaite had a headache next morning but, thanks to a granite resolution, he held the dream. Small though his gratuity was, by frugal living he had soon scraped enough to build himself a shed on his uncle's allotment near Newton-le-Willows and secure a few simple materials. Eking out a precarious living by day, scribbling a few hasty verses

for *John o' London's Weekly* in the intervals of tending municipal verges, he hastened at night to the ill-lit shed, wrestling with formulas and experiments. For many a weary month the secret of bubble impregnation eluded him, hard-bought gum was dissipated. Came the day when the first hesitating bubble described an irregular parabola from his mouth. "Ah've got it," he shouted in his homely idiom, not quite knowing the English for *Eureka*, as he rushed out on to the plot to the alarm of his uncle, lifting an early Jerusalem artichoke.

The rest of the story is familiar. From the shed, once the technique was perfected, to the larger Nissen hut, thence to the cluster of disused prefabs and now, soon, to the imposing new factory in Warwickshire. Braithwaites' Bubble-Gum to-day stands four-square to the world, rides the storms of inflation and recession, challenges the myth that Britain is a second-class power. None of this could have happened, remember, but for the Man who Held his Dream.

Free!! with every packet of BRAITHWAITES' BUBBLE-GUM



comes one of this imaginatively-created, craftsman-fashioned range of educational toys!

* The kiddies won't be literate till they get them! And nor will you! Get some to-day and put them out of their ignorance!

An exclusive product of TEECHIE TOYS Ltd.

Do You Know . . . ?

THAT chewing-gum is obtained from chicle, the coagulated milky juice of the tropical American tree sapodilla or naseberry? Or that confusion of the latter name with the English fruit has led G.I.s on service here, reporting extortionate demands, to say "I gave him the naseberry?"

That the latex is collected by tapping the trunk, making deep zigzag cuts in the bark to a height of 30 feet or more? Or that trying to get sap from an exhausted trunk is known as

"barking up the wrong tree?"

That the man who collects the fluid is called the chicletero? Or that when *The Chocolate Soldier* was played in Yucatan and Guatemala as *The Chewing-gum Soldier* the big number became "Come, come, my Chicletero?"

That about a ton per season is gathered by the chicletero from two hundred or three hundred trees which are rested for four to seven years between tapping? Or that from this custom came the unemployed actor's use of the word "resting"?

Great Enterprise

advertising announcement]

Nail Your Colours to the Mastic

By a DOCTOR

DRAB indeed would be a world devoid of colour; drab too the mind of a man

insensible to the influence of colour in his daily life. For colour reacts upon our thoughts, a fact which is increasingly motivating contemporary medical research and industrial design. In the hurly-burly of urban civilization, alas! our emotions are stimulated unscientifically; the soothing greens of Nature are not readily available to the busy breadwinner. Forward-looking captains of commerce, however, are seeking to co-ordinate the visual stimuli that play so large a part in, as we say, "colouring our existence." To take an example at random, the range of colours released by exhalation from the better types of bubble-gum is so harmoniously blended that the subject of the polychromatic experience, or to use a crude term, the customer, is exposed to a stream of simultaneous psychophysiological sensations precisely calculated to balance such conflicting tendencies, latent in all of us, as hyper-aggressiveness, lymphatic inertia, schizophrenia, intolerance of hard-boiled eggs and countless other

traumas, neuroses and syndromes into which I have no space to enter.

None knows better than the disciple of Æsculapius that exaggerated claims must be discounted, but it is not perhaps going too far to say that a patient maladjusted to the stresses of the nuclear age is advancing further along the road to rehabilitation if he be subjected at frequent intervals to the dynamic colour exhilaration produced by quality bubble-gum—colour, I must emphasize, for this is important, measured by the Munsell System in its three dimensions of hue, value and chroma—than is the man without these benefits.

Worlds to Conquer

Looking ahead, there are two fields ripe for development. To bring the blessings of full trichromatic vision to the colour-blind has long been the dream of the progressive bubble-gum manufacturer; the fact that Schjelderup recognizes at least eighteen widely differing types of colour-blindness need be, I confidently predict, no barrier to the solution of the problem. There is a further challenge: to bring colour-music

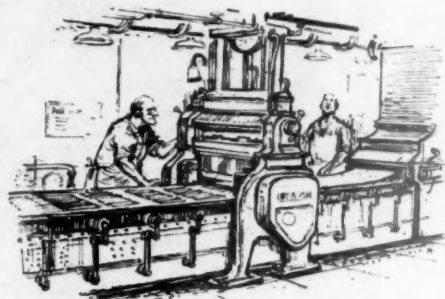
It's a Joy
to Unwrap
when it's
Wrapped in
RAPRITE



Testing a sheet of RAPRITE for the four freedoms—freedom from smear, freedom from rough-edge, freedom from perforation, and freedom from mildew.

Finger its transparent delicacy, let its crinkly sheen caress your hands, watch the entrancing curlicues straighten out as you unweave their fragile tracery, then remove your **RAPRITE** pagemaster unit from the delectable bubble-gum. Only laboratory-screened paper which has passed through four searching tests is used to chaperon the bubble-gum on its journey from maker to mouth. Every hundredth sheet is tested to evaporation point.

Tearing a
Strip off
the
BRAITHWAITE
Bubble-Gum
Assembly
Lines



Only the finest precision blades, tempered 'neath the Toledo sun, can secure the incisive Snick! to ensure that the exact length of bubble-gum is severed at the right moment so that every individual customer secures the correctly calculated content of this health-giving product.

SABRETOOTH blades only are fitted to the **KLEENAKUT** continuous-cutter-unit in day-and-night use throughout the Braithwaite plant.

within the scope of the bubble-gum-conscious. We have only to recall Scriabin's *Prometheus, The Poem of Fire*, for which he wrote an accompaniment of changing coloured light; or to think of Bainbridge, Bishop of Essex County, New York State, who invented a projection instrument on which he blended colours on a small screen simultaneously with the playing of music, by attaching levers and shutters to the keys and directing light from an electric arc through coloured glass, to realize the potentialities of musical bubble-gum. Some simplifications, of course, may well be desirable. But that it will come I have little doubt.

Well Begun . . .

By a Psychologist

OF course it's easy enough just to read the instructions: "Chew all sugar out of gum, flatten gum between roof of mouth and tongue, place gum behind teeth, push tongue gently through centre of gum. Now blow easily forming bubble outside lips." Eager young Head-in-the-Air will try to rush his flattening fences before the residual sugar has been scrupulously chewed. Make a little game of it, get him to repeat, after you "Chew, and flatten, Before you flatten." Coax him. Pushing the tongue gently through the centre of the gum is in itself a training for life. Gentleness in all we do, inculcated in youth, will soon empty the juvenile courts. "Now blow, easily forming a bubble." Yes, it's easy now, after we've come up the hard way, checking step by step. Bubble-gum boys and girls have learnt that practice makes perfect.



A Bubble Reputation at the Canon's Mouth

In a personal interview Canon Q. J. Bardin, the well-known publicist and thinker, stated:

"For years I had poor congregations and small silver collections. I couldn't marshal my thoughts when writing my sermons, that was the trouble. One evening between Evensong and Complin an Archdeacon introduced me to **BRAITHWAITE'S BUBBLE-GUM** and it acted like a charm from on high. My thoughts soared with the evanescent, iridescent messengers of the air. Now the exegesis flows in lucid streams. Every Sunday morning it's capacity with loud-speaker relay to overflow assembly in the Crusaders' Hut."

THINKS:
THANKS TO
BUBBLEGUM



The Tweakers

IAN PEEBLES reflects on the Tests



THERE is one score upon which I will defend the batsman. It is that he is quite frequently blamed for dull and dreary play when it is really the fault of the bowler.

There are in fact more dull bowlers than dull batsmen. They run an inordinately long way to deliver the ball at an inconvenient pace to an inaccessible place with unerring accuracy. They count their success in terms of maiden overs, frustration, and exasperation. And their evil influence extends beyond the scope of their actual operations, for now, if more than four are gathered together on the on-side, the ball has but to pass outside the batsman's legs for him to switch his skirts away and assume an air of persecution. The whole muddled scene is then resolved by the addlepate in the outer who deafeningly directs the bowler to "Baowl at the shockin' wicket."

But these, as Holmes was heard to remark, are deep waters. Let us rejoice that there are still some very interesting bowlers. The brightest innings we have seen "down under" was played, appropriately, by Peter May and was against New South Wales. For this he justly received full credit, but the bowlers seemed to get scant recognition for the large part of the entertainment which they had supplied. It was because they were such an interesting lot that May was enabled to exercise his full artistry.

They were led by Australia's new fast bowler, Rorke, a blond giant whose

majestic approach to the crease is something between a buffalo charging and Siegfried's journey to the Rhine. On arrival he is liable to skid several feet past it and, in moments of excitement, his action is more enthusiastic than orthodox. His pace is tremendous and his variation of direction so generous and unpredictable that assistants as far afield as gully and short leg, who normally look at the bat, are well advised to keep a sharp eye in his direction, with a view to taking instant evasive action. His wicket-keeper gets the same amount and type of exercise as a tumbler on one of these spring mattresses. Nary a dull moment here.

Above all there were three leg-breakers, Benaud, Philpott and O'Neill, to keep the proceedings alive throughout the day. Typically, Philpott, a big spinner of the ball, beat May decisively for a start, and in the same over was smacked for three whistling fours for his pains. Whatever his faults the true tweaker is never repressive or boring. In truth, the greater his faults the less so he is likely to be.

I am not concerned with the impeccable Barnes or O'Reilly, who turned the ball from the leg, but with the devotee who curls his wrist up in the region of his flask pocket and, with bared teeth and countenance distorted with effort, gives it all he's got. What matter if it doesn't land quite in the right place, so long as it bursts like a bomb in a beehive; this is art for art's sake—even if



some captains do not appreciate the point. If this ball is belted far into the most expensive seats the occupants at least have had their money's worth. If the next one drops in the right place to puncture an inflated batsman, thrashing furiously in the wrong direction, they have had a handsome bonus. That is the true tweaker, the optimist, the sanguine gambler; the serpent among bowlers, venomous but vulnerable.

The bias from the leg was, of course, the original and natural one in underhand days, but its application by the overarm bowler called for a complicated and rather unnatural technique. That grand old Middlesexian, Billy Williams, used to say that he had invented this while bowling to an early Australian team in the nets. But even as a fellow clubman I am unable to support this claim in the light of history, and it is more likely that the modern leg-break evolved from a technique similar to that of W.G.'s round-arm top spinners. It was pioneered in international cricket by A. G. Steel.

The greatest innovation in the era of overarm bowling came with Bosanquet's invention or discovery of the googly. The impact of this on the uninitiated must have been akin to that of Lamborn's newly-invented underhand off-break on the All-England Eleven on Broadhalfpenny. "This new trick of his so bothered the Kent and Surrey men that they tumbled out one after another as though they had been picked off by a rifle corps." To the decently brought up batsman the first off-breaking leg-break must have smacked of the Indian rope trick.

It would seem that the inventor was not among the greatest practical exponents, but succeeded chiefly on grounds of novelty. It was the South African school, Vogler, White, Faulkner and Snooke, who brought the leg-break-cum-googly to its highest pitch of perfection. Schwartz was another sort of phenomenon in that he could only bowl the googly, and the more he strove to master the leg-break the more he turned from the off.

Faulkner was my first employer, and a rare good bowler when I first knew him in his late forties. He spun abundantly, disguised the wrong 'un from all but the hawk-eyed, and was remarkably accurate. But he himself said that Vogler was the best of the



"Half-timbering, weather-boarding, panelling—should burn nicely."

breed, over medium in pace, with a knife-like wrong 'un. In fact Faulkner ranked him in his best moments next only to the great Sydney Barnes. Slightly later came Pegler, the last of the great South Africans.

Their mantle blew across the Indian Ocean to alight on the shoulders of an Australian dentist named Hordern, who, in a losing series against England, took 32 wickets for 24 apiece with slow flighted spinners, which he delivered from a longish run. He was succeeded by Mailey, who spun the ball more than anyone could remember having seen it spun before, and revelled in its every rotation. He recalls in his book a Sunday during a Test Match when he and I spent an enthralling hour, bowling

a ball to and fro on a stately Lancastrian lawn. Reprimanded by a cagy manager for blowing State secrets, Mailey replied that this was art and, as such, international! With him in the press box last week was Clarence Victor Grimmett, who, now approaching seventy, complained that he had lost his nip off the pitch.

Without ever rivalling the great Australian school England has had her moments, but now the tweaker is almost non-existent. Nor is he likely to return so long as our green and pleasant land tends to be brown and dusty, or black and muddy, so far as cricket pitches are concerned. I wish we could subsidize him, for in his absence the game is that much duller.

Toby Competitions

No. 57—Sweet are the Uses

GIVE an extract (from a gardening book, cookery book, do-it-yourself manual or other work) dealing with the treatment of a new all-purpose vegetable imported from Venus.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries by first post on Friday, March 6, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 57, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 54

(Purple Patchwork)

Competitors were asked to provide a suitable caption for a glossy-magazine photograph of a room in their house, or some other suitable room. The result provided, *inter alia*, some fascinating and unexpected data on the way in which our readers live. The winner is

BERNARD M. DEMBO
3 GRANGE PARK
HENLEAZE
BRISTOL

CHESTNUT GROVE

D. Macpherson was a rare but refreshing contributor in the years preceding the first world war.



ENTHUSIASM

Anxious Messenger. "SAY, FIREMAN, THERE'S ANOTHER FIRE BROKEN OUT UP THE STREET."

New Recruit. "ALL RIGHT, OLD CHAP; KEEP HER GOING TILL WE'VE FINISHED THIS ONE."

March 30, 1910

who achieved, in convincing style, the agelessly contemporary with this entry:

Good taste and fitness for purpose are the keynotes. A spacious room to be lived in by all the family, designed by all the family. The armchairs are visibly well-sprung, and variety is added by the six dining chairs of different designs. The multi-rail clothes airer suspended from the chandelier is a practical item. The carpet is of jigsaw pattern, with actual pieces embedded in it, and the large bone (foreground) belongs to the dog.

And the following, despite the evidence that few of our readers run to bookshelves, earn book-tokens:

GARAGE-CEILING RETREAT

Space over car ingeniously converted into peaceful quarters for grass-widower.

Adjustable push-button roll-top flooring lined with poodle cloth by GRABBITE.

NU-WORLDE hammock by Grattymat Ltd., with matching bed drapes charmingly carried out in ox-blood and verdigris by Wakie Green.

Ceiling suspension electric cooker by SATELITE. (Note wee road-drill handy for breaking down pan-hardened scrambled egg.)

(Inset) tape recorder combined toothbrush-and-tumbler holder.—Kit Gunton, 60 Trelawney Road, Bristol 6

Mrs. Beare's dining-room shows something new in furnishing—the Mediaeval Mood. No, no hamming about with refectory tables—just Mood. Left, for instance, the penetratingly large window hints at a monastic open-to-the-heavens approach—but sublimated by hessian curtains in rust. Centre, the whole gamut of our minstrel past is run from the twelve glowing prints of the Minnesinger to the violin slung above the desk and on to the pianoforte. Also in the Mood is the recessive blue carpet, and Moodier still the divan (right) where Mrs. Beare is now nursing her flu.—Mrs. Sylvia J. Beare, 12 Tyndall Avenue, St. Michaels Hill, Bristol 2

A colourful, shrewdly-planned 10 ft. by 11 ft. dual-purpose room in a Sutton Coldfield town house. The décor, evolved automatically in the process of painting other rooms, amalgamates Wedgwood, heather, mimosa and Robin Hood green with brave panache. Full marks too for the washing machine, cleverly typewriter high; the converted vegetable rack holding manuscripts; the unusual beige pasteboard grocery container fitting cunningly under the deskette. Comfort note: the old-fur-cape-lined dog-basket doubles as foot-warmer.—Mrs. O. M. Norton, 1 Holly Lane, Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield

Mr. Whiteway's flop-floor room in his lodgings at Cambridge.

For the floor—a cheerful red fitted linoleum to define the space, and to economize it, the bed sidles under the sloping roof, allowing precisely for the academic stoop of visitors likely to sit on it. More cheerful economy—the waste-paper container in the fireplace is an easily replaceable paper bag; instead of pictures, posters. The abstract sculpture on the table is of sheet aluminium and copper; while a contemporary note is struck by the view (through the window, of course) of the handsome Victorian chimney next door.—Roger Whiteway, 9 Tenison Avenue, Cambridge

The North Bedroom (left) is an ideal home-at-home for the Rector's son; noble Queen Anne proportions amusingly emphasized by clever placing of furniture imported from the cupboard where he slept in the family's previous parish. Of course, no carpet; and a trick with bricks in the flue makes the smoke from the room below curl picturesquely round the fireplace. The occupant's fine collection of miscellanea is gaily housed in green Victorian hat-boxes.—Michael Leonard-Williams, Yelden Rectory, Bedford

The clipped kitchen wing of this house is a triumph of industry over talent. The floor is grey concrete, and the end wall is of brick, soon to be re-whitewashed. No colour has been permitted and the pure form of the *habilleuse* does nothing to spoil the line of the heating pipes around the base of the walls. The scale of the room is well adapted for less-than-lifesize figures. Here the ghost of the house makes its abode, a kindly ghost who does nothing more than blow cold air.—Kenneth E. Bonfield, 63 Seaforth Avenue, New Malden, Surrey

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"Eleven volumes Lenin's selected works for 4 gallons paint or 3 gallons olive oil."—*New Zealand Herald*

Accept whitewash?

Essence of Parliament



NO historical character is more traduced alike by journalists and by politicians than poor King Canute and, alas! that the great Nabarro should be enrolled himself among the traducers. Mr. Nabarro argued that the Government should not allow the policy of conversion to oil to be sabotaged by "King Canute or King Coal." King Canute was, he seemed to think, a man who sat obstinately in the path of progress. But Canute never thought that he could stop the waves. It was the members of his constituency executive who thought that, and he, like some later statesmen, was content to let them make fools of themselves by demonstration.

The general feeling after Monday and Tuesday was that the House in general and Sir David Robertson in particular had done very well in making a fuss about the Thurso boy. If the House of Commons does not make a fuss about individual injustices, what is it for?

Nor was it possible to have a prosecution if the Lord Advocate refused to recommend it. Nor, it appeared, was there much substance in the Secretary for Scotland's argument that it was not possible to have a tribunal. The Prime Minister brushed all that away with scant courtesy to a colleague. It was easy enough to have a tribunal and indeed there was, as Mr. Grimond and others argued, nothing else that the House could do if it was to do anything. But at the same time there was a lot of sympathy on both sides of the House—two Bells for the Tories, and Mr. Chuter Ede and Mr. Leslie Hale for the Socialists—with Mr. Paget's contention that the tribunal machinery is highly unsatisfactory. It is likely to leave its victims smeared, untried, unconvicted and ruined. A straightforward prosecution, resulting in conviction or

acquittal, would seem in every way preferable. Mr. Paget speaks so slowly and Mr. Hale speaks so fast that when they both intervene in a debate it is apt to work out on balance at roughly the right length. They are between them rather like Jack Sprat and his wife, but it took the Government a good deal longer to get its motion than had been hoped, and no one will ever know why Mr. Milligan, the Lord Advocate, advised against a prosecution. Ignorance of the law excuses no one but the law-officers—"those quasi-political legal" gentlemen, as Mr. Hale called them, gentlemen whose functions are, as the Prime Minister recognized, "perhaps a little anomalous." But anyway it did not seem to worry the Prime Minister that the House had to spin things out a bit about the Thurso boy. For in truth

things needed a bit of spinning out this week. It had been the plan to have the Foreign Affairs debate on Wednesday, but it was moved to Thursday in the hope that it might be possible to announce a full Cyprus settlement by then. As a result Wednesday was as near a *dies non* as can be imagined—unless

indeed you count Mr. Mitchison talking on housing as something. Most Members preferred for their morning recreation to listen to the Standing Committee discussing the problems of the century of the common prostitute, and in the afternoon listening to Sir Alec Guinness in the Scottish Standing Committee Room bemoaning the woes of the cinema industry. Sir Colin Thornton Kemsley addressed the meeting and said that he had got the impression that in film-making there was a good deal of aimless standing about. Miss Yvonne

Mitchell was generally voted to have said a mouthful when she replied that she had got the impression that things were not so very different in Parliament.

The Foreign Affairs debate, when it came on Thursday, was in itself an affair that was dreary beyond words—perhaps inevitably so. The Foreign Secretary and the Prime Minister were

absent at the beginning, putting the finishing touches to the Cyprus agreement. There was nothing to talk about except the Moscow visit, and nothing to say about that because no one had the remotest idea what was going to happen there. Most Members preferred to mill around outside and

gossip about who would be the next Speaker. Within the Chamber Mr. Gaitskell indulged in some not very confident hopes that talks would result in some "ice-breaking." Mr. Ormsby Gore as Government spokesman—doubtless under instructions and with no choice of his own in the matter—read out some painful platitudes from a typescript. The only relief came from Mr. Paget who, egged on by Mr. Bennett, indulged in some robust scepticism about the value of high-level talks. Everyone was waiting for Mr. Macmillan's intervention at seven o'clock with the Cyprus announcement. At question-time Brigadier Clarke had already given voice to the full-throated Tory roar at the notion of negotiating with Archbishop Makarios. Mr. Gaitskell's line was naturally enough to congratulate the Government on eating its words. Mr. Macmillan, heavy with a cold, professed some indignation at this lack of generosity, but he knows enough about the party game to understand that it would have been unreasonable to have expected Mr. Gaitskell to have spoken otherwise.

— PERCY SOMERSET



Sir David Robertson



Mr. W. R. Milligan

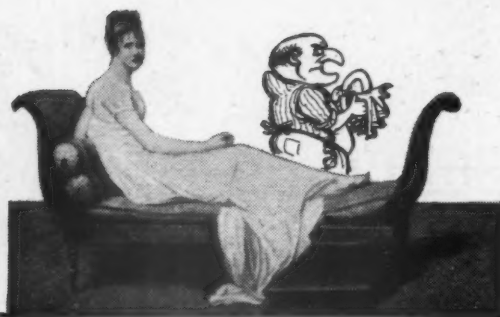
Votes for Linen

ONE of the promises which Mrs. Patricia McLaughlin, Conservative M.P. for Belfast West, made to her constituents upon her election in 1955 was that as long as she represented them she would always be dressed in Irish linen. This promise she has been faithful to in her fashions, even to embracing in it linen curtains and upholstery for her London flat.

Each session of Parliament, each season of fashion, has brought variations on the linen theme; and looking courageously forward to the unpredictable political scene now ahead Mrs. McLaughlin gave a preview at the Ulster Office of her "coming shortly" spring and summer outfits. These, designed by herself, have been made by two dressmakers in Belfast: one Irish, one French. We also saw elegant high-heeled linen shoes with matching handbags; and we met Mrs. Margaret McConnell from Ballymena, who whips up linen into irresistible millinery confections.

Several well-known London model girls quick-changed into the dresses which have been made for Mrs. McLaughlin, thus giving us the complete repertoire and incidentally proving that the Ulster Unionist Member has, among her many attributes, a model figure. She herself wore a beige linen dress with an orange and black design,

FOR
WOMEN



brilliantly cummerbunded. With fair curly hair, bright and alert as a linnet in spring, she flitted from guest to guest with welcoming chirrupings. Although the eldest of her three children is now twenty, she was the *jeune fille* of the House from 1955 until December 1956 when Miss Pike was returned at the Melton by-election. Miss Pike, who is one year younger, in snatching the *jeune fille* title did not steal her reputation as a pace setter: Mrs. McLaughlin always rides to Westminster on a push bike, which in London now is quite the fastest mode of transport. (At a fashion parade given by the Leather Institute the other day it was announced that Mrs. Bessie Braddock maintains a wardrobe of eleven pairs of shoes in running order. They are all made individually on her own last by the Co-operative Society—which would seem a happy compromise between private privilege and party prejudice.)

Some very chic little black linen pedal-pants were on parade at the McLaughlin trousseau party: not for Westminster wear but for week-end relaxing in the constituency, to which she flies back nearly every week-end. A four-piece outfit of heavy white linen with a modish plage print consisted of jumper top, skirt, short jacket and short shorts; but this was for Miss Ann McLaughlin. Mr. McLaughlin, a civil engineer, was also loyally present in a linen shirt; and draped around the walls were examples of the latest products of the industry, which has recently perfected a process by which linen can be made crease-resistant *before* dyeing and printing. By this means more subtle dyes, greater clarity, and finer prints are possible. We saw brilliant screen-printed flowers on black linen, as handsome as anything out of Italy; printed linen cambrics for washable

cocktail dresses; fine handkerchief linens with Lurex thread for evening dresses. We also saw a heavy herringbone linen for tailored suits, and a pure white damask superb for an evening dress or a wedding gown.

Linen is the toughest of all fabrics. It was found in the tombs of the Pharaohs, and linen over two thousand years old can be seen in the Victoria and Albert and the Belfast museum. Mrs. McLaughlin's private secretary said with mingled admiration and despair that her energetic employer is inexhaustible. But although she may wear out many secretaries during her political career, as long as she remains faithful to linen she will never exhaust her clothes. — ALISON ADBURGHAM

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Tub Thump

THE waist has come in
And it's chic to be thin,
But as fashion is all in *extremis*
It may soon come about
That the waist will go out.
Of that happy occasion my theme is,

When they cry Yes, the Bust
Is supremely a Must,
The tyre round the middle a treasure;
To be broad in the beam
Is a ravishing dream
And a thought of continual pleasure!

O happy the day
When a woman may say
(And perhaps it will come to us shortly)
"A tub with a sash on
Is leading the fashion:
How lovely it is to be portly!"

— JEAN KENWARD



"Nobody's dead!"

Standing in its Own Park-like Grounds

LETTING our house as often as we do, we have come to know that the best tenants are those married couples in whom all passion, if not exactly spent, has settled itself into a kindly and co-operative ennui. Nothing less than fifteen years of childless married life will cause a man to dis Temper someone else's scullery on Sunday mornings, or clear the brambles regularly from behind the artichoke patch. Sharp marital differences are another thing. During the war we let to a young couple who introduced a white piano the length of Brighton Pier into the drawing-room and covered it with lavishly embroidered Spanish shawls and signed photographs of Douglas Fairbanks, junior. Almost immediately they started throwing glasses of brandy at each other, thus giving the wallpaper an obtrusively contemporary appearance. Madam, who had a big fan mail, used the intelligent device of concealing it from her Squadron-Leader inside the more solid pieces of literature that we had inherited from our parents and retained for the beauty of their bindings. For years afterwards letters beginning "Baby, O Baby," and sinking to delicious depths would fall out of *Forty-one Years in India*, by Lord Roberts, and *Holy Living and Holy Dying*, by Bishop Taylor. Alas! all too soon Madam was away back to London, leaving in the attic a dressing-case marked Virginia in silvered old English lettering, which was not her name, and for which we have never been able to find a use. Left alone, the Squadron-Leader distractedly stubbed his cigarette ends out on the backs of books, or left them burning melancholy brown circles on the fitted carpets, eating meanwhile any quantity of baked beans whose tins flowed out of the dustbins like fountains. In between whiles he absent-mindedly became the father by a bus conductress of a dear little boy with red hair who now sings solo in the church choir with great artistry and

feeling; but it is not a risk that one would care to take twice.

In the late 'forties the house was occupied by a middle-aged doctor with impeccable references whose *cri-de-cœur* we had been unable to resist. He had, he said, four young children whose personalities were about to splinter into a thousand pieces were he not to establish them immediately in the country. Touched by this, we unearthed a signed photograph of Queen Victoria from a dark passage and hung it in the nursery bathroom, hoping that its air of unbridled rectitude would soothe their little souls. In the event he turned out to be childless and to be using the house as a very expensive private mental home. But the minds of his patients seemed relatively to be hardly sick at all, except for the mild eccentricity of filling all the chests of drawers with apple cores and incessantly telephoning at our expense to New South Wales. One, it is true, in a burst of applied physio-therapy took down all the pelmets from the curtains and pinned them up along the

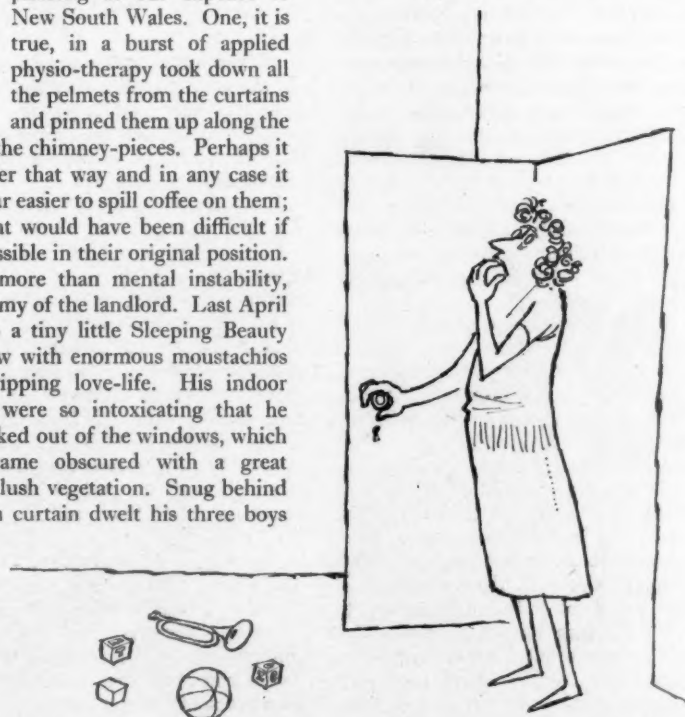
edges of the chimney-pieces. Perhaps it felt homier that way and in any case it made it far easier to spill coffee on them; a task that would have been difficult if not impossible in their original position.

Love, more than mental instability, is the enemy of the landlord. Last April we let to a tiny little Sleeping Beauty of a fellow with enormous moustachios and a gripping love-life. His indoor pastimes were so intoxicating that he never looked out of the windows, which soon became obscured with a great screen of lush vegetation. Snug behind this green curtain dwelt his three boys

by his first wife, his two by his mistress, still present but now demoted to the position of cook-general, and darling Number Three who swanned about daintily in a sack and a cloud of Worth's Je Reviens, turning the wireless on but seldom off and never opening the windows. He would hurry home of an evening, too excited to shut the drive gates, and so loudly did everyone's pulses throb with jealousy and passion that they never heard the rhythmic munching of seventeen Alderney cows who had followed in and were eating the hydrangeas down to the bare bone. The lights stayed on day in day out until one day they all flew to Ibiza leaving the electric grill switched on to a Welsh rarebit, and the electricity company expunged our name for ever from their visiting list.

So that we now need a new tenant, capable (and this rules out field-m Marshals) of handling an electric hedge-clipper. Ideally he should be a bio-chemist companionately married to a careful housewife in her late fifties. By August we should have paid off the company and he could move in and get down to his lovesome task in the great outdoors right away.

— PENELOPE HUNT



smilby.



In the City

Consumers in Command

A FEATURE of our economic situation which is becoming more and more curious is the fact that while the appetite of the consumer grows more voracious there is no disposition on the part of industry to enlarge its powers to feed that growing hunger in the years to come. The consumer goods industries, retail trade, the providers of services of all kinds—all these are doing roaring business: the capital goods industries, steel, machine tools, heavy engineering, shipbuilding and the like are having a decidedly *thin* time.

These contrasting states of boom and stagnation cannot co-exist indefinitely. To some extent we are making the contrast possible by living on our fat. The inventories have been run down. Sooner or later we shall get near the bottom of the barrel, the warehouses and the shelves in the shops will become bare. The alternatives that face us now are whether the ripples of this consumer boom will before long run right up the distribution channels, to the factory floor and from there to the board room and its plans to extend plant; or whether the slowdown in heavy industry will send its more dismal ripples downward and, through unemployment, less overtime, reduced orders for materials, infect the whole economy.

There is little chance of this second and grimmer alternative being realized. The forces behind the consumer boom are too strong and will prevail. One of them is the fact that the average Briton is anticipating future income to an increasing extent. The hire purchase debt is going up steadily. It rose by £120 m. in 1958 to a total of £604 m. Most of the increase has gone to feed the boom in consumer goods. Only £78 m. of the total debt outstanding was incurred for industrial equipment, tractors and commercial vehicles. The vastly preponderant balance was owed for cars and cycles, furniture, radio and household goods—in that order. No less than two-thirds of the increase in hire purchase debt in 1958 occurred in

the last two months of the year. If this tremendous pace of expansion is maintained for any time the business transacted and profits earned by the hire purchase finance companies this year will put all previous records in the shade. This suggests that there is still something to go for in the shares of such organizations as United Dominions Trust, Mercantile Credit, Bowmakers, Astley Industrial Trust and Lombard Banking.

The power of the consumer has also been revealed in the outcome of the Government's recent freeing of imports from the United States and Canada. So far there has been no measureable increase in imports of machinery and other capital goods. But continence on this front has been more than balanced by an orgy of imports of Canadian tinned salmon. To the horror of the

Board of Trade, Treasury and Bank of England more than £10 m. had to be found within three weeks to pay for this cascade of cans. However, this can only be a temporary phenomenon. British industry remains competitive—to wit, the latest export figures—and it shouldn't be long before the consumer boom at home and the overseas demand for our products lifts industrial production here out of the rut of stagnation in which it has been struggling for some time.

But meanwhile, let investment go where the money goes. Retail trade this year looks set for more records. Whether it be Harrods, Marks and Spencer, Woolworth or Allied Bakeries with their new super-markets, the shares are not likely to lose their holders much sleep in 1959.

— LOMBARD LANE

* * *



In the Country

Woods, Forests and Trees

In the same way there are secluded lords who maintain that in gentle usage the word "wood" has no meaning in the English language except in connection with port, bowls and fire . . .

THE sentence, one of the unquoted passages in a book much-quoted three years ago, shook me. As a hack-writing commoner interested in forestry I had always understood that "wood" was a good word to use. You walk through a wood and you hear birds sing in enchanted woods and there is peace and beauty and kindling and even larger firing—with the ferns and the moss. Primroses in spring and golden glory in autumn, and old December's bareness everywhere, and the magic of blue-shadowed snow.

In the country word-chopping is not ranked as a rewarding activity. Yet the subject can be a bit awkward.

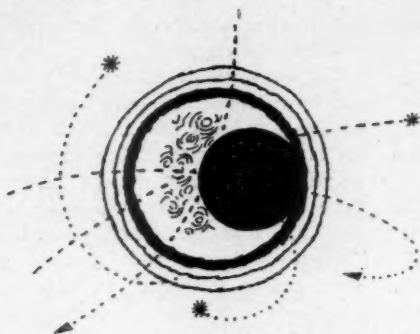
Even "forester" is worse than ambiguous. A senior consultant forester has told how, talking in a train, he once said "I'm a forester," only to receive the unexpected reply, "Oh, are you? I'm a Buffalo." Funny stuff apart,

"forester" can mean any man practising or teaching forestry, from duke or professor to under-woodman; or, more specifically, a definite rank (ranging roughly from corporal to regimental sergeant-major) in the Forestry Commission; or one having certain indigenous rights within an ancient forest.

Timber is another trickster. Most people think they know what timber means, but in certain important legal contexts it is oak, ash and elm, of the age of twenty years and more. This stems from ancient building practice—and excludes the most valuable of our home-grown timbers such as walnut and box and burr yew and cricket-bat willow. Incidentally, it's a bit odd that yew and juniper should be conifers, since their fruits are not cones but fleshy. Also, yew is a "softwood" though its timber is in fact harder than most "hardwoods." At the same time, walnut and willow are "hardwoods," but you will find on examination that their wood is uncommonly soft.

Woods, forests and trees are, for many people, emotional subjects. And sometimes objective truth is misrepresented or slightly obscured. I recall having once read a protest that probably not a hundred oaks had been planted this year . . . and a rhetorical inquiry as to who now plants a beech avenue—and some more. Actually, even the Forestry Commission, which has less than 10 per cent of England's "oak land," plants some 4,000,000 oaks a year. And it is also the planter of the longest beech avenue in the country, Queen Mary's Avenue in the King's Forest, Suffolk.

— J. D. U. WARD



Continuing a Novelette of the Future by

We're Strangers Here Ourselves—5

CLAUD COCKBURN

How England looks to a family returning after seventy years' absence

"IT'S bright blue, all right," said Sir-Sir, after taking Caroline's place on the sofa and appraising the situation through the telescope. "We can't let them get away with that without a war, you know."

Henry Eastcliffe and Bernard Wayne burst into the room. Henry, his emotions powerfully moved, hurried to put a protective arm around Jane's shoulders. Bernard, trembling with nervous excitement, seized Ann's hand and begged her to keep absolutely calm.

"We just heard it on the radio," Henry said. "It's war. *World war*."

Bernard turned dramatically to Sir-Sir Browning. "Does this mean . . . the end, sir?" he said. "We'll try to do our bit . . . for civilization."

Sir-Sir was gently rubbing his hands, and seemed to be smiling thoughtfully. "It'll certainly be the end of that fuddy-duddy Earl Thompson. Wars send him right up the wall. What we'll do is we'll hold up those first statements of yours and issue one about War Aims, Then and Now, by a Man who Came Back. It could prove that what the 20th century lacked was Co-ordination."

"Damn," said Caroline. "I was going up to Cape Wrath to-morrow to stay with old If-I-May-Say-So and get some sunbathing. Now I suppose he'll want to come beetling back to London." Parenthetically she explained to Henry and the others that the person referred to was the Prime Minister, Mr. John Welfare Jones, leader of the Coalition Moderates.

"Don't see why he should," said Sir-Sir. "I'll ring him up, if you like,

and suggest he stay just where he is. He can do his Call to the Nation and all that just as well from Cape Wrath as anywhere else. After all, last time he was in the hospital getting that new big jaw put on and couldn't say as much as 'Stand firm!'"

"But look here . . ." said Bernard, his head reeling with recollections of what father said grandpa had said great-grandpa had said about The Bomb and the ultimate blow-up.

He found himself saying "But look here" repeatedly during the next forty-eight hours or so. Although John Welfare Jones had decided to remain at Cape Wrath, Dame Caroline nevertheless abruptly cancelled her trip. Instead she took sometimes Henry,

sometimes Bernard, for little umbrella-sheltered walks under the lovely beeches of the People's Park which was reserved except on Saturdays for high-ranking co-ordination contributors. She sat, sometimes with Bernard, sometimes with Henry, in her withdrawn room, mixing uplifting liquors for them and discussing the situation: personal, national, out around the cosmic, and back to personal.

Even so, it was quite hard to understand the war situation. Henry and Bernard had been brought up to think of wars in terms of total mass involvement and nearly total destruction. But all that, it emerged, was a phase that had passed away with the development of space travel. There was a war going on all right, around the moon and the vital "route to Mars," but it was being fought, and apparently could only be fought, by little groups of technicians, out there on the moon, manning or directing immensely powerful spaceships, rockets, and power-waves.

"It's like," exclaimed Henry, with sudden illumination, "wars in the 18th century and most of the 19th. All those ships of the line and frigates and what-not, and those tiny little armies, fighting it out in the Mediterranean and Canada and the Indies, and most people just living along without the war making much difference to them."

He thought of that thing people always noted about the novels of Jane Austen—how you could read them all



"It's from you, sir."

and never realize that all these lives were being lived in the middle of the epoch-making Napoleonic wars.

"They carried on with their private lives, their love affairs and so on just as though there was no war going on at all."

"Of course they did," said Caroline enthusiastically, her smartly-cut behind elegant as ever as she bent over the liquor-mixer. "How right they were." Evidently she would have preferred to continue discussion of that aspect of things, but Henry still found it weird to be in the middle of a world war that you could hardly notice.

"But suppose," he said, "one side or the other decides to shoot up the earth? Suppose the East Asians—after all, we're in a life-and-death struggle with them, aren't we?—suppose they blow England, the whole Europe Zone,

to bits from one of their stations up there?"

"But what would be the point of blowing up half the earth when control of the earth's supposed to be what the whole row's about?" Caroline said. "Besides, they couldn't control the repercussions. It might hurt them in the long run as much as it would us. Why should anyone make such a lot of senseless trouble for themselves?"

"So what can happen?"

"Oh, they'll fight away for a bit out there. But of course if it looks as though one zone was going to get *too* much control, one of the zones that's on their side now will probably shift over. There has to be some kind of balance. Nobody wants just one zone with total control of, say, the route to Mars."

"Well, but . . ." said Henry. And Bernard, when her conversation with

him reached exactly the same point, said "But look here . . ."

One conversation took place in the withdrawn room, the other under the beeches. In each case Caroline broke out rather petulantly "How amazingly interested you are in the war. Surely there are other things we could talk about." And to Henry she added "When you first arrived Jane said you were madly interested in sex, and whether it was all done with test-tubes nowadays. It isn't, you know."

She giggled. She too had kept up with her vocal chord training, and the vibrations of her giggle very nearly upset Henry's train of thought about the war and the future of civilization.

"Could one say," Caroline complained to Ann, "that your brother Henry is a little bit of a false alarm? So sort of rugged and unreconstructed to look at, yet seemingly sluggish. After all, I'm a Dame of Honour—lots of men go crazy about Dames of Honour."

"And you're beautiful, too," said Ann.

Caroline shrugged impatiently. "Everyone's more or less beautiful nowadays—you can get a first-rate surgeon on the facamen coupons. But an attested Dame of Honour has allure.



"To get him in as well we've had to remove most of the scientific instruments."

Shall I show him my State Certificate of Welfare Service rendered?"

"I suppose he just isn't as socially conscious as the modern men," said Ann. "And of course, incidentally, he's madly in love with Jane Wayne."

"Dear Jane," said Caroline. "I can understand that. She's deliciously unreconstructed too. She's never even had her tummy remodelled, so she told me. Well then, what about Bernard?"

"He doesn't like doing anything rash," said Ann. "He tells me he's 'getting his bearings.' Besides, I think he thinks you're more or less specially for Sir-Sir."

"Oh, well," said Caroline more cheerfully. "If that's all that's the matter... I wonder what bearings he'd like? I don't see that he has to feel so loyal to Sir-Sir. Sir-Sir doesn't feel any real, passionate love for me, deep down inside."

"You don't think it's burgeoning?"

"How can it, really, till he knows just what's going to be what? Suppose top-level, though, *isn't* really upgrading acceptance values of married women? Like that, if he remarried me he'd lose his own status as single and the two of us together would be down-rated. You can't expect a man who's properly socially aware to love a down-rated woman, can you? Although I believe that kind of thing's common enough among the mass-contributors."

"But what actually *makes* top-level acceptance? Who decides top-level thinking?"

Caroline looked out at the teeming raindrops with a vague expression. "It isn't exactly *made*," she said. "I mean not by anyone in particular. Of course Sir-Sir's top-level himself, I suppose, in terms of individuals. But we don't think of it that way. 'Top-level acceptance is just something all the top-level and near top-level people feel all the other top-level people are thinking. That's what makes it so absolutely acceptable, you see.'"

"So what will Sir-Sir do?"

"Oh, he'll go on piling up Services. It's a way of assuring himself of his own existence, don't you see? Like a man I know who has to keep knocking his head gently against the wall of the room to make quite sure he's in there, existing. That's why Sir-Sir keeps co-ordinating more and more; and then there's his thing about dogs, of course."



"I want my money back."

"He's a dog-lover?"

"Not in the way you probably mean. Since we stopped being dependent on eating animals for our food I think we've got a more balanced attitude to them. We don't murder them half the time and get sentimental about them the other half."

"You mean there's been no meat in all these fine meals we've been having?"

"Well, it's the same as meat, of course. Only now we get the ingredients straight from the grass, instead of having to have the animals eat the grass and process it for us like they used to do. But Sir-Sir has the idea it would be a good General Service if dogs could be taught to talk. No reason why it shouldn't be done, I suppose."

"And then he could co-ordinate them too," said Ann.

"Well yes," said Caroline. "But please don't laugh at poor Sir-Sir about it. He's tremendously keen—though of course with all this war-co-ordination work he hasn't had much time with Towser during the last few days."

"Is that the big hound like a Doberman police dog I saw going off down towards the village this morning?"

"Oh dear, was he?" said Caroline with an air of distress. "Sir-Sir hates him hanging around the mass-contributors. He might pick up a careless

way of talking. But he will keep slinking off there. I don't think he really appreciates his lessons with Sir-Sir."

"And is he truly learning to talk? That would be terrific."

"He does say things sometimes. But I sometimes wonder whether he isn't just talking the way parrots do. I mean, simply repeating the last thing he's heard. Would you like a demonstration? I'll ask Sir-Sir."

It was with proud confidence that evening that Sir-Sir brought Towser the hound into the withdrawn room, where Caroline and the four guests were assembled.

"Towser was naughty again to-day," said Sir-Sir, "I found him down in the village with the mass-contributors. Didn't I Towser?"

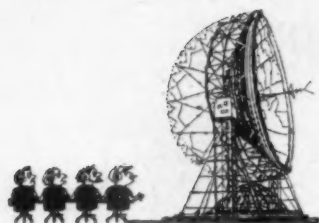
Towser muttered something grumpy and unintelligible.

"Speak up," said Caroline gaily. "That's no way to talk to Lord Sir-Sir James Browning Bart."

At the sound of the name Towser started, as though jabbed by some stimulus. He put his head up and looked into space. His voice came, with a flat intonation, but loud and clear.

"Shove it up your flaming jersey," he said. "Sir-Sir Browning's all wet. Tell him I said so, the old so-and-so."

(Next week: Peace—and a trip to the moon.)



BOOKING OFFICE

Stiff Cover Jazz

The New Yearbook of Jazz. Leonard Feather. Arthur Barker, 35/-

The Book of Jazz. Leonard Feather. Arthur Barker, 21/-

IT was not until the early 'thirties that jazz began to make any noticeable impact on this side of the Atlantic. I remember discovering it with a shock of pleasure and surprise, for it was agreeably different from the smooth, decadent "dance music" broadcast nightly on the wireless. Here were no treacly saxophone sections, no "crooners"—none of the cloying, fake romanticism which made our dance halls misty with *schmaltz*. Instead, there was a control and dexterity in the actual playing of the basic instruments of jazz which took the breath away. There were the intricate marvels of pattern-weaving, the haunting, formal statements of the twelve-bar blues, the gaiety and drive of Armstrong's trumpet, Beiderbecke's noble doodles, the incredible sadness of Jimmie Noone's solos, and finally the Duke.

But chiefly, I think, this rackety music from America brought delight for two reasons: for the stinging antidote it offered against the paralysis induced by "pop" numbers and for the dazzling possibilities it demonstrated in the field of improvisation. Improvisation was a means of escape from the drugging triteness of so many thirty-two-bar choruses: and when it became more advanced, basing itself on the chord pattern rather than the melody, the limits of fancy retreated still further, until the way was open for bop, Thelonious Monk, and the hushed, elegant crochet-work of the Modern Jazz Quartet.

But there I go, rushing in with hasty propositions in a subject which has been covered knee-deep in them during the course of the last thirty years. For jazz, springing from humble beginnings, making no pretensions to being an art form, or a folk music, or an expression of man's eternal this that and the other, asking no more than that it should be

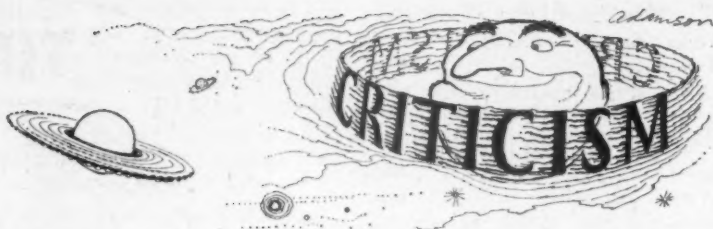
allowed to kick up a splendid, rhythmic din—this cheap, exciting music from the back streets, the brothels and the star-hung prairie, has given rise to a volume of literature that would have made Beethoven blink. (Or even Cripple Clarence Lofton, if it comes to that, or Cow Cow Davenport or J. C. Higginbotham.) I don't suppose the posthumous quartets have inspired so much painstaking research, debate, exposition or cataloguing as have the recorded performances of the pioneer jazzmen. Is it not extraordinary that all this interminable speculation as to who played tpt. or clar.—all the tedious arguments as to the relationship between jazz and classical music, jazz and politics, jazz and crime, jazz and the price of fish—all this growing international library of earnest jazz-chat, has been laboriously built around a form of

expression which reached its peak when Bessie Smith sang a rude song called "Empty Bed Blues," or Kid Ory's Creole Jazz Band played "The Girls Go Crazy 'Bout the Way I Walk"? I suppose the closest parallel that could be found would be the literature of bull-fighting.

Leonard Feather has been chronicling and investigating the history and development of jazz for as long as anybody, and he knows precisely what he's talking about. His *Book of Jazz* contains a section on The Anatomy of Improvisation which could hardly be bettered. He also takes a perceptive trip through jazz history, instrument by instrument, dropping debatable points right and left, as cool as a cucumber. He is fervently progressive, and the traditionalist reader will occasionally need to rush back to his copy of the Rex Harris Pelican in order to keep from apoplexy. On the origins he comes out with a rousing revolutionary idea to the effect that jazz didn't start in New Orleans at all, and was never "race" music. The beginnings of jazz, of course, have long been a breeding-ground for speculation, with African tom-toms, Jelly-Roll Morton, riverboats, Kansas, slave-ships, Chicago, work-songs, and New Orleans quadrilles being shuffled about like pieces in a faded jig-saw puzzle. Still, Mr. Feather states his case convincingly, and his book adds up to an enjoyable, provocative addition to the groaning shelf marked "Jazz."

The New Yearbook of Jazz, to one not immediately involved in the business, sometimes strikes a pretentious note. It is a record of the jazz scene since 1956, including biographies of everybody concerned (including critics), results of popularity polls, and an entertaining section on the Blindfold Test from the *Down Beat* magazine. Strictly for working jazzmen, or very keen students. The price is high, presumably because there are thirty-two pages of photographs. How Buddy Bolden would have smiled!

— ALEX ATKINSON



NOVEL FACES—LVII



J. I. M. STEWART

When Oxford's Stewart needs some extra guineas

He writes detective books as Michael Innes.

NEW NOVELS

A Woman Besieged. Desmond Stewart. Heinemann, 16/-

Mr. Stewart's heroine is an excessively tiresome Hungarian woman, married to a Bohemian Englishman in the Middle East, desperate at the onset of middle age, and yearning after a Median half her age whose "soft sexuality she wished to protect." The novel would be easy to lay down, but for an interlude during which Lisa is raped by a Yezidi sheikh in the Kurdistan Mountains, after attending a tribal ceremony where the devil appears to his worshippers as a peacock-statue standing in a dish of water. One had always imagined the Yezidis to be a sect of assassins, descended from the Old Man of the Mountain himself, whose members made living rats out of dust and carried their shrouds around with them; here their Australian convert, detestation of lettuce and the colour blue, plus the Peacock Angel bestriding good and evil, afford a tantalizing glimpse of the book that might have been written, on a more fascinating subject than Lisa's life and loves.

— J. M. R.

Chez Pavan. Richard Llewellyn. Michael Joseph, 18/-

In his latest novel Mr. Llewellyn has taken for theme the organization of a superb hotel-cum-restaurant in Paris, the Chez Pavan of the title. In this ruthlessly efficient business empire, in which no detail of cuisine, service, furnishing or decoration is too small for the proprietor's scrutiny, M. Pavan emerges as a god-like figure. Beneath the smooth veneer the empire of course has its varied dissatisfactions and intrigues.

Reflecting the social and political upheavals of the time, by the nineteen-twenties Chez Pavan begins to run at a loss, but is revitalized by the bright ideas of Mr. Llewellyn's hero, Charles Montfior, whose rise to the top is chronicled in several hundred pages of careful but unimpassioned prose. We are given a good idea of the very considerable, indeed sometimes dedicated, effort that a true restaurateur puts into his work. Mr. Llewellyn is at pains to show that such men are indeed artists. Is *Chez Pavan* a work of art? Frankly no, but it never fails to be readable and informative.

— R. G.

The Tortoises. Loys Masson. Chatto and Windus, 16/-

This is a novel of delirium and obsession, full of astonishing invention. To outline the narrative would be absurd. Its bare bones—tyranny, greed and violence at sea—could go into a healthy magazine for boys, where even a cargo of tortoises would have the properly bizarre air. But its atmosphere, charged with horrors and hauntings and crazy imaginings, is projected as if it were a tangible element, relentlessly and at length; as if the more chillingly insubstantial lines of *The Ancient Mariner*

were to be made fully dimensional without losing their frightful music. The translation from the French, by Antonia White, can surely leave little to be gained by reading in the original.

— J. B. B.

OTHER NEW BOOKS

The Ugly American. William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick. Gollancz, 16/-

The yellow Gollancz dust-jacket reminds us of unhappy far-off days when we, the English, were the villains. Now the guilty men are American, failing against Communism in South East Asia, and we may feel complacent, or redundant, or committed according to our nature. These linked sketches lambast American representatives for their failure to "communicate" with the natives, compared with the Russians, who are diabolically clever and learn the native tongue. The ugly American, Homer Atkins, with his calloused hands and technocratic know-how, is one of the answers. A hundred-per-cent honest-to-God man of the people—"worth three million dollars, every dime of which he had earned by his own efforts"—he encourages Jeppo, an equally calloused Sarkanese, to build a bicycle-powered irrigation pump. They send out salesmen to the other villages—on commission. On the fifth day one of them returns with orders for eight pumps. This will undoubtedly be a big moment in the play, the film, the musical and the musical film.

— R. A. G.

The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel. Nikos Kazantzakis. Translated into English Verse by Kimon Friar. Illustrations by Ghika. Secker and Warburg, 50/-

This is a major work of modern European literature, translated by an American Greek scholar and poet into magnificently forceful blank verse. Kazantzakis' poem, which Mr. Friar tells us disturbed educated Greeks by its innovations in spelling and syntax, as well as by its determinedly demotic language, tells of Odysseus' adventures after the slaughter of the suitors. He leaves Ithaca and journeys to Sparta, Crete, Egypt—even to the South Pole. Through these adventures Kazantzakis embodied a philosophy derived principally from Nietzsche and Bergson, with side glances at many apostles of violence and quietism. There is a sort of "system," as personal as that of Yeats, running through the poem. But—again as with Yeats—the poetry can be appreciated almost without reference to the system. It is a sun-worshipping violence that comes through chiefly in the poem, which is a great rhetorical paean in praise of action. There are many descriptive passages of extraordinary force and beauty, the imagery is of shattering force and splendour, and the narrative hardly flags through the whole twenty-four books. A major work then, and one for



which gratitude should be expressed to publisher, translator—and author.

— J. S.

Brave New World Revisited. Aldous Huxley. Chatto and Windus, 12/6

Twenty-seven years after writing *Brave New World* Mr. Huxley feels "a good deal less optimistic." In 1931 he was "convinced that there was still plenty of time" before totalitarian servitude of the kind he foresaw became universal. Now, he thinks it a pretty safe bet that in twenty years "all the world's over-populated and underdeveloped countries will be under some form of totalitarian rule"—and that means eventual dictatorship also in the over-populated democracies which are organized, over-organized, on the basis of freely available outside resources. The argument of this short, packed book is horribly convincing: over-population—over-organization—all the new techniques of propaganda, notably the subliminal forms of it—the powerful new drugs—all these things are leading to the disappearance of the individual, the ever more efficient manipulation of the crowd. What can be done? Mr. Huxley calls for "education for freedom," a check on over-population, conservation of food and materials, prohibition of subliminal and anti-rational propaganda, breaking up of over-organization, revival of small communities. There is hope.

— R. M.

The Oxford Companion to French Literature. Sir Paul Harvey and J. E. Heseltine. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, 45/-

This admirable volume, which performs the same function for French literature as Sir Paul Harvey's previous work for English literature, contains about six thousand references covering the period from A.D. 400 to the present day. It will no doubt make itself as indispensable as its predecessor.



TOMMY COOPER and SHIRLEY BASSEY

AT THE PLAY

Blue Magic (PRINCE OF WALES)

BBLUE MAGIC describes itself as a "gay new glamour revue," which means when translated that it is slanted somewhat towards sex and that no trace of satire sullies its simple innocence. What made it for me was the discovery, soon after the start, that one of the nudes was wearing flesh-coloured combinations; not the palpable long combs of pantomime, but ones so deceptive that they nearly took me in. Superimposed on them were tights and the pair of butterflies ordained by the English idea of propriety. Clearly they were intended to deceive, and they would have if a writhe of uncommon proportions

reluctant, or was she perhaps just over 'flu and being cosseted by a kindly management? Anyway, it was food for thought.

The star of the show is Shirley Bassey, who sings hot little numbers dealing with the ramifications of love. She sings about these with missionary fire, as if the difficulties and ecstasies of the whole business were not by now pretty well known to all of us, and as she sings she wriggles a lot to add extra point to her remarks.

On the side of comedy we have Tommy Cooper and Archie Robbins. Mr. Cooper's line is incompetence, and he plays it rather winningly, as a great gangling ham-handed oaf with a nerve-torn laugh and a look of desperation in his mad blue eyes. All his conjuring tricks die on him, and when he recites a ballad about a drama in a pub, and tries to improve it by wearing the hats of the speakers, he is always two hats behind. Finally he comes out in a fawn raincoat masking a nest of motor-horns, on which he accompanies the orchestra. This is unexpected, and seems as much as a surprise to Mr. Cooper as it does to us. Mr. Robbins is a smart little American who tells stories at a great rate, most of them to do with his wife and his mother-in-law, but some of which passed.

For me the plums here were two isolated turns. One was Larry Griswold, a not young man who staggered on with a bottle of whisky to give an exhibition of high-diving into a tank. Having fallen

had not brought to the surface a seam that suggested the scar of some cataclysmic operation. Could it be the result of a ruling by the Lord Chamberlain on nudity in action, or was the girl plain

all over the springboard scaffolding so that our hearts stopped beating he took a header on to a concealed trampoline in the tank and bounced back with marvellous accuracy on to the springboard. He is an original, his patter endearing, and his skill cloaked in pleasing uncertainty. The other was The Three Kims, tumbling acrobats of phenomenal resilience, who bounce about like rubber balls and tirelessly weave impossible patterns with themselves.

There is no attempt at sophistication or a planned attack. The ballets are uninspired. But if you want a very simple, uncerebral evening this is it.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Tartuffe and *Sganarelle* (Old Vic—18/2/59), Miles Malleon Molière. *The Long and the Short and the Tall* (Royal Court—14/1/59), interesting war play. *Living for Pleasure* (Garrick—16/7/58), good-tempered revue.

—ERIC KEOWN

AT THE OPERA

Lucia di Lammermoor
(COVENT GARDEN)
Russalka (SADLER'S WELLS)

ON our way in an old hand said "Do you remember the last *Lucia*, in 1925? Toti dal Monte was making her début. For the Mad Scene she came down to the footlights and flirted at the audience with her fan." The 1925 revival of Donizetti's former box-office winner (after Walter Scott) lasted one night. In the 'twenties Donizetti's music was so much clinker on the market.

Now we have gone completely back to where our great-greats stood. Even more than the 1957 revival at the Stoll, this Covent Garden production crammed the house and set it a-roar as fervently as used to happen in the 1850s. For what it is worth, this is as striking a clock-round of taste as any of our time.

Like the recent *Don Carlos*, this *Lucia* is designed complete, from hooks, eyes and doublets to backcloths and skytabs, by an Italian who has worked for the films: Franco Zeffirelli. Under a crumpled sky his Ravenswood Castle is a fourteenth-century minster at the top

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

An exhibition of fifty years of *Punch* cinema cartoons and caricatures is on view at the Swiss Cottage Odeon, London, by arrangement with the Rank Organization.

The "*Punch* in the Theatre" Exhibition is now at the Theatre Royal, Windsor, and the Marlowe Theatre, Canterbury, and opens at the New Theatre, Bromley, Kent, on February 27.

of two-score steps on which Geraint Evans (Enrico), Raymond Nilsson (Normanno) and attendant huntsmen, arquebusiers, claymore squads and the like patterned themselves fetchingly. A reasonable amount of red-black tartan was on show, and the general effect was charmingly Scots-Italian, as I had prayed would be the case. Mr. Zeffirelli, who incidentally produces, had Mr. Evans in particular gesturing like a Milan baritone *de race*. Mr. Evans's singing was to match. Altogether, his Enrico is one of several things which in recent seasons have put something of a cosmopolitan stamp on a repertory company which at one time looked like being chained to the parish pump for ever.

I cannot say much for Mr. Zeffirelli's stage pictures after the first one. When the revellers massed on one side of the Great Hall, which seems built out of black griddle cakes, so that Lucia could be foot-loose for her Mad Scene, the effect was that of a Gothic railway station built by Pugin, its up platform jammed with fancy-dressed passengers for an overdue 10.45 p.m. But, apart from the intrinsic graces of Donizetti's score elsewhere, the Mad Scene is what matters. Unless there's a soprano on the stage who can perform those appalling *fioriture* and high flights with perfect surety while scampering up and down corkscrew stairs with a trailing dress, you might as well make a bonfire of your scenery and send everybody packing, even the veteran Tullio Serafin, who presides, as they used to say when Lucia was young, in the orchestra pit.

The marvellous thing is that in Joan Sutherland, from Australia, we have a home-trained singer who pulls off these

impossibilities with such reserves of tone and stamina that the listener never feels uneasy (and uneasiness is the great bane of the opera house) for a second. On the opening night she had a cold as well as initial nerves and was absurdly overcheered for her first coloratura piece in Scene Two, a quite undistinguished bit of work. But that is part of the traditional picture. It is right that a girl who has a first-rate Mad Scene up one sleeve and has often shaken a brilliant *Let the Bright Seraphim* down the other should be petted and spoiled a bit.

On as foggy a night as I remember, Dvorak's *Russalka*, with greenish, pixilated fairy-tale sets and a perpetually foaming pool full of water sprites, had a lame send-off at Sadler's Wells through the tenor's sore throat, which was under the laryngoscope until an hour and a half before curtain-rise. Impossible in such circumstances to form any final impression. All I can say interim-wise is that Dvorak's music is ruthlessly, murderously sweet. Long before the first act ended I wanted to rush from the theatre and give myself a rub-down with *sal volatile*, *aqua fortis* and *Angostura* bitters.

— CHARLES REID

AT THE PICTURES

Separate Tables
Rally Round the Flag, Boys!

THE theme of Terence Rattigan's *Separate Tables* (Director: Delbert Mann) is one that touches emotional roots in a great many people, whether they would admit it or not. It is about loneliness and fear: fear of life, fear of

sex, fear of growing old, fear of others. The theme is illustrated in two interacting stories among an assortment of characters in the Hotel Beauregard in Bournemouth, "separate tables—three minutes from the sea."

Summed up like this, it may sound forbidding; but because the people are interesting and compassionately observed and because (to please Mr. Rattigan's well-known Aunt Edna) things work out hopefully for the likeable ones, the piece makes an attractive impression as well as being continuously entertaining. There are some quite first-rate acting performances.

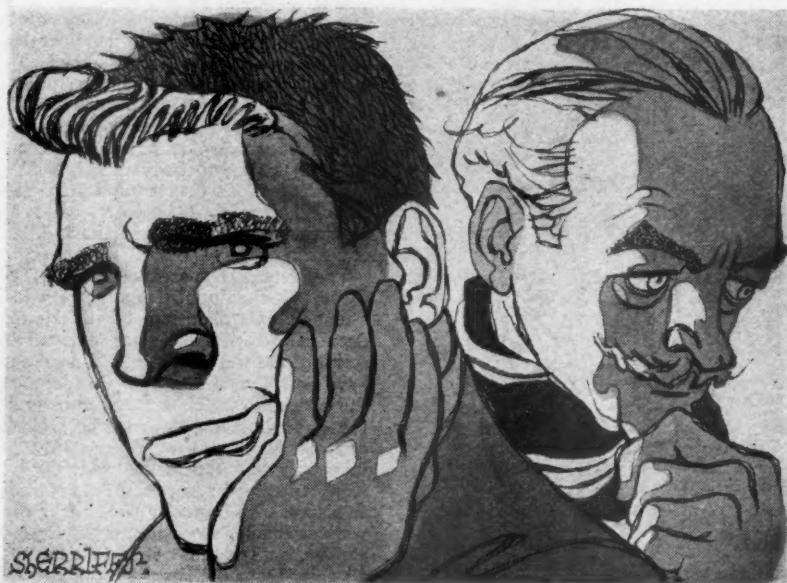
One is Deborah Kerr's as Sibyl, the diffident young woman who is utterly dominated by her mother (Gladys Cooper), and another is David Niven's as the bogus Major. Downtrodden, timid and with no experience, she sees him as a dashing, splendid, adventurous figure and adores him. He in his way is equally timid and without experience, and he compensates by posing as the kind of man he would like to have been and seeking sexual release in drab little ways that lead to his appearance in court and the collapse of all his pretences. The girl's hard, malicious mother contrives that this situation shall cause the greatest possible misery to all concerned, but at the end she is defeated.

The other play in the stage original has become a skilfully-integrated subplot, and the characters in this inevitably make a much slighter impression. Burt Lancaster is an American writer, Rita Hayworth the woman who was once his wife; she arrives at the hotel to recapture him, because fear of a lonely old age has caught up with her too. Their reunion means bitter self-sacrifice on the part of Miss Cooper (Wendy Hiller—another beautifully and movingly played part), whom he had been going to marry.

There are excellent people in the subsidiary parts, notably Felix Aylmer and May Hallatt, and as a whole the picture is thoroughly enjoyable and satisfying. There is too much background music, and the hotel looks not at all like anything of the kind in Bournemouth, but these faults are trivial when one considers the exquisitely sensitive playing, the strength of the theme and the always entertaining detail and dialogue.

The main trouble with *Rally Round the Flag, Boys!* (Director: Leo McCarey) is that it doesn't know when to stop, when the limit of effective exaggeration has been reached. This applies to the whole film in general, and to certain scenes of it in particular. A great deal of it is extremely funny even so; but it would be funnier and more pleasing as a whole if certain episodes ended a moment after the comic climax instead of labouring away to emphasize it for five minutes after.

Another thing I regret is the use of



John Malcom—BURT LANCASTER

Major Pollock—DAVID NIVEN

[*Separate Tables*

facetious off-screen commentary. Even if this is there for its own sake it is unwelcome, but I got the impression that it was often used simply as a short cut through tangled moments of the script. All very well to *introduce* the story with remarks about the New England town of Putnam's Landing; but when the voice in effect says "Meanwhile—," or (as a telephone rings) "Let's see who's calling," it's irritating.

The best of this is in the almost straightforward account of the difficulties of a young husband (Paul Newman) whose wife (Joanne Woodward) is on so many local committees that she never has any time for him. This is the central situation, and most of the rest—including a bored and neglected wife (Joan Collins) who amuses herself by trying to make him fall for her—is embroidery. There is admirable comedy playing by all the principals, and some excellent laughs come from the perfect observation and timing of innumerable small physical effects, the small change of slapstick that everyone knows in life—the jogged elbow and the dropped drink, the door that opens unexpectedly, the fall over someone's foot, the unwieldy golf clubs that spoil the dignified exit. The whole thing is much better than you would think from the crudely comic advertisements, and if only those scenes weren't overdone it might be almost unreservedly recommended.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The London choice has narrowed. There are *The Horse's Mouth* (18/2/59), and *Gigi* (18/2/59), and *Fortunella* (11/2/59), and *Parisienne* (7/1/59); no other established ones I would mention, but among the new shows is a revival of the 1937 classic, *La Grande Illusion* (with, in the same programme, a first-rate half-hour piece, *March to Aldermaston*;

honest, full of character and thoroughly entertaining withal—the best sort of propaganda). There is also a new last-war P.O.W. story, *Danger Within*, admirably done; details next week.

The outstanding release is the fine African story *The Roots of Heaven* (28/1/59). *Home Before Dark* (24/12/58) is rather contrived and novelettish.

— RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Serial Form

IT is now the invariable habit of the BBC to launch a mystery serial in an atmosphere of ladylike hysteria. From the first coy hints that we must be on the *qui vive* for some new and unprecedented development in the field of skullduggery or detection, the excitement is gradually built up—by titivating press handouts, previews, trailers, and all the familiar means by which the Corporation strives to make us tick off the dates on our calendars in a fever of anticipation, until the Great Day bursts upon us. And then what have we got? Another whodunit, neither better nor worse than the last.

I am at a loss to account for this curious fixation which prevails in the Television Centre. Are they not aware that the majority of their viewers have been taking whodunits for granted since the days of Edgar Wallace? Have they not seen Boots subscribers swapping a Sayers for a Michael Innes, a Ngaio Marsh for a John Dickson Carr, day in, day out, as though they might be buying soap or getting their skirts from the cleaners? We know the form perfectly well by now—a corpse, five suspects, an investigator, red herrings, a minimum of elementary deduction, a surprise at the end of each chapter, and a murderer snarling "Curse you!" on the next to last page. It is all as familiar and formal as a

children's game, and very enjoyable if properly handled: but there is something positively old-maidish about the genteel hullabaloo with which the BBC ushers in, for example, each new offering by Francis Durbridge.

His latest creation, "The Scarf," seems to be a perfectly ordinary, well-planned, agreeably preposterous example of the genre, and I don't suppose he would make any extravagant claims about its brilliance. The final effect of the publicity build-up must therefore have been a dull thud of disappointment in many homes. As a matter of fact when it comes to characterization, credibility, ingenuity of plot or novelty of setting, any whodunit fancier could surely think of a dozen favourite books any one of which would leave "The Scarf" wrong-footed at the post. I have nothing against this serial. I shall follow it faithfully, savouring the strange pleasure the detective-story fan gets from seeing his theories proved wrong one after another, and pretending at the end that he had an idea it was him or her all along. But I shall continue to resent having been let down by the BBC, who encouraged me to expect the greatest advance in crime-writing since Poe led us all up the Rue Morgue.

Televised whodunits, no less than dramatized whodunits, suffer from several disadvantages. Those improbable conversations which we readily accept in print, for instance, are apt to cause laughter when spoken by actors: the more solemn passages of Agatha Christie's stage dialogue would not be out of place in the *Goon Show*. And how often does the viewer wish he could turn back a couple of chapters and check up on this point or that? Recapping, a legitimate tactical manœuvre in the game of whodunit-solving, is quite impossible in a television play: a barking dog next door can quite easily blot out a vital piece of information, and bitter frustration follows. A further strain is thrown upon the viewer when a play of this kind is presented as a weekly serial. Six days is too long a time to carry in the head all the implications of a complicated plot, especially for those devotees who are conditioned to gulping a Michael Gilbert at a sitting.

I understand that the BBC, in the throes of the high temperature which attended its planning of this work, decided to forbid the actors to read the script of the last instalment. I hope they have now seen the folly of this step. In the dark as to which of them actually did the strangling, all the members of the cast, including the policemen, are inevitably tempted to throw us the odd sinister look, just in case. This is unfair to actors, who normally like to take their work seriously. A whodunit may be only a game, but acting is not. In the midst of all this, Donald Pleasence and Stephen Murray are giving good, natural performances.

— HENRY TURTON



Det.-Inspector Yates—DONALD PLEASANCE

Clifton Morris—STEPHEN MURRAY

Edward Collins—PATRICK TROUGHTON

(The Scarf)

Sporting Prints

X PETER THOMSON



Second Annual General Meeting of the Amalgamated Preservation Societies

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

GENTLEMEN,—The interest of the Antiquarians of the nineteenth century in prehistoric monuments led them to the conviction that once they had been dug up and thoroughly examined they should be put back and preserved. Later, when they were running short of prehistoric monuments to dig, they turned their attention to the remains of mediæval abbeys and castles in which the country abounded, and contrived to have them preserved by Act of Parliament.

An interest was next aroused in the preservation of our countryside, followed by a devotion to buildings of any sort built before the early eighteenth century.

The Georgian Group was formed as a result of a new interest in eighteenth-century buildings, and it was followed by the Victorian Group, the Edwardian Group, the Neo-Georgian Group, the Functional Group, and finally the now defunct Society for the Preservation of Newly-built Buildings. The demise of this last society, gentlemen, was not due to any falling away of interest but to the fact that for the last twelve years no new building has been erected in this country. During this long period the entire resources of the building industry have been devoted to the work of preservation.

While these societies and groups were looking after buildings and the countryside, others were dealing with the rest

of our heritage. The greatest blow for the canals and for many other interests was struck in the nineteen-sixties by the Society for the Preservation of Industrial Machinery, which secured the passing of legislation which scheduled for preservation all existing industrial machinery and later, when it was in danger of wearing out, secured an amendment forbidding its use.

This was a tremendous triumph for us all. It made it much less expensive to preserve our great canals, roads and railways, because they became subject to so much less abuse by heavy traffic. It also simplified the work of our Seaport and Airport Preservation Societies, which had for long been opposing the rebuilding and extension of our seaports and airports to take the new sizes of ships and aircraft. And this in turn assisted the Societies for the Preservation of Ships and Aircraft.

To-day the merchant ships and ships of war of the mid-twentieth century are preserved for all time in the fine examples of mid-twentieth century harbours of London, Glasgow, Southampton and Liverpool. The harbours have been allowed to silt up, thus happily preserving from the effects of sea water both docks and ships. Our aircraft of the same period stand on their original runways, protected by examples of hangars of the period no longer required by our fighting

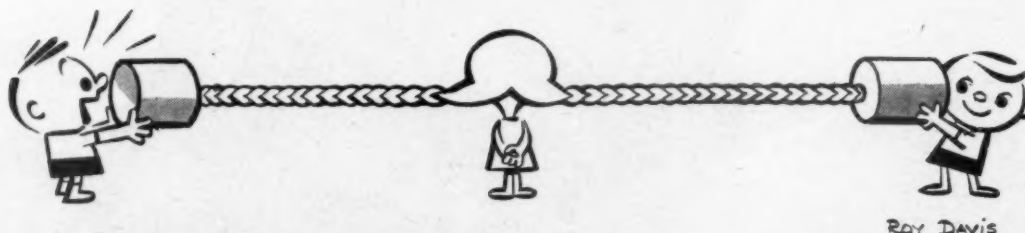
establishments, which are themselves preserved.

At the same time, gentlemen, the general exodus of population which rapidly followed this enlightened legislation was a great help to the Societies for the Preservation of Slums and for the Preservation of Suburban Dwellings, both of which had had a great deal of trouble with tenants and property owners.

And now, after a brief look at our history, I turn to the two unforeseeable problems that confront us to-day. The most forcible argument that we have used in the past is that our work has aided the tourist industry. It is now clear that in preserving our ports, our airports, our railways and our roads we have made it impossible for tourists to arrive in this country or to move about if they arrive. This is something that must occupy our thoughts.

The second problem is, however, more immediate. Some three hundred of us are gathered to-day in this great Festival Hall, so thoughtfully preserved for posterity by the Society for the Preservation of Public Halls. There is some danger that, having deliberated for a very long time, we shall shortly find ourselves in danger of running out of deliberation-points. I propose the immediate setting up of a committee to consider means of preserving Amalgamated Preservation Societies.

— ROBERT BAXTER



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